Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1898.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME.*

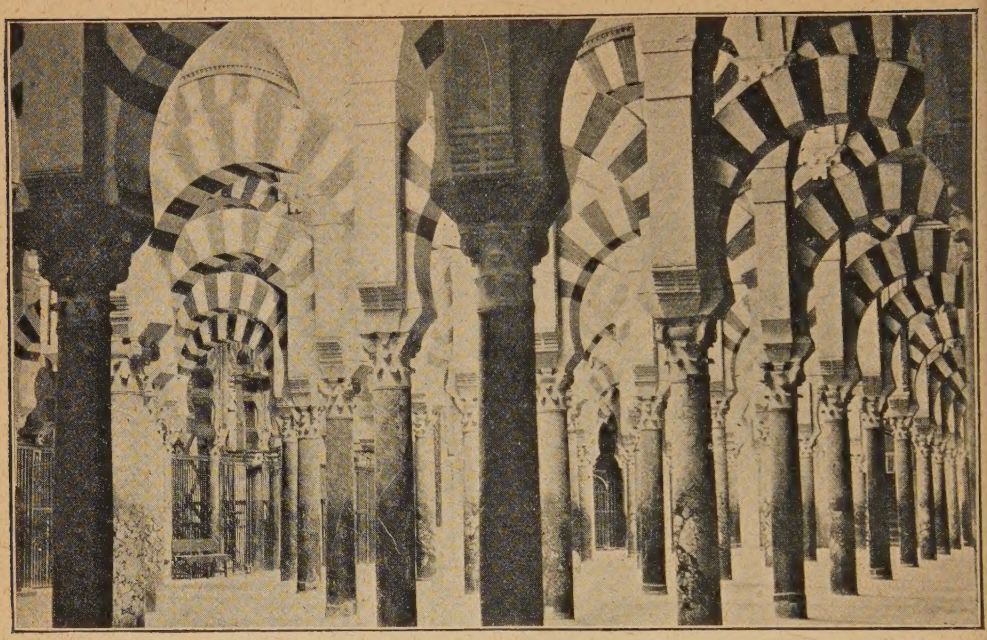
BY THE EDITOR.

A BIT OF ANDALUSIA.

Few things are more sad than the downfall of an ancient dynasty. In the decay and degradation of its later days the pomp and pride and splendour of its prime are forgotten. When the once vast colonial empire of Spain has dwindled into insignificance and seems on the very verge of extinction, it may be well to remind ourselves of its contribution to the world's civilization. Spain's history goes back to the dawn of time. It is the Tarshish of Scripture, and was known to the Phoenicians at least a thousand years before the Christian era. The language of the Basques seems to connect that remnant of the ancient Iberian race with a still more remote antiquity. It is said to have no terms for cutting instruments which have not their roots from words signifying stone or rock, all words implying the use of metals being borrowed from other and more modern languages. This fact would seem to link the Basques with pre-historic times.

The successive colonies planted by the Egyptians, Phoenicians, and Greeks have all left behind them memorials of their occupation. The Romans, in addition to their enduring public works, have given Spain its magnificent language. The Arabs, though they were ruthlessly banished or burned by

* We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness for some of the quotations in this paper to an admirable volume of recent travel in Spain by a United States Consul-General, Alfred E. Lee, and to the "Sketches of Spanish Travel," by Mr. Arthur Griffiths.



THE CATHEDRAL AT CORDOVA—FORMERLY A MOSQUE.

the Inquisition, have left their mark in the language, arts, and architecture of Spain. Even the mantilla, which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in the land, is simply a relic of the veil worn by the wives and daughters of the Moslem.

When Arabian civilization was at its zenith in Spain, the rest of Europe, except a small area around Rome and Constantinople, was in a condition of barbarism. While the Frankish kings travelled in state in a rude cart drawn by oxen, the Saracen emirs rode through their fair and flourishing provinces on prancing Andalusian chargers, richly caparisoned with housings of Cordova leather, with golden stirrups and jewelled bridle, amid the clash of silver cymbals, and with flashing scimetars of the famed Toledo steel. While the European serf wore hose of straw and jerkins of ill-tanned hide, the Arab peasant was clothed with garments of linen, cotton, or woollen, and the nobles in damask stuffs and silks. London and Paris were mere congeries of wretched wooden structures, penetrated by narrow, crooked, dark and miry lanes, seven hundred years after Cordova and Toledo abounded in well-paved and lighted streets and bazaars, adorned with noble marble edifices, mosques, baths, colleges, and fountains.

While the strongholds of the European sovereigns were little better than stables—unglazed, bare-walled, and rush-strewn—the lieutenants of the Caliphs held their divans in palaces of Oriental magnificence, with Mosaic floors and ceilings fretted with gold, with shady alcoves and stately colonnades, where painted glass softened the light, Moorish music lulled the senses, musky odours filled the chambers, and fairy fountains cast up their silver spray; where caleducts in the walls cooled the air,

and hypocausts under ground warmed the waters of the bath. Exquisite arabesques, ivory couches, graceful cabinets of sandal or citron inlaid with mother-of-pearl, softest carpets, richest silks, gold, silver, malachite, porcelain, alabaster, miracles of the loom and needle, filigree, and jewellery, attested the Sybaritic luxury of the inhabitants. Yet the lord of all this splendour confessed to have enjoyed only fourteen happy days in his life !

While a great part of Europe was a pathless forest or morass, where roamed the wild boar and wild ox, upon the fertile vegas of Granada and Cordova waved the yellow corn and flashed the golden orange and citron. There, too, gleamed the snowy bolls of the cotton-plant, and glistened the silky plumage of the sugar-cane. The jasmine bowers and rose gardens of Shiraz seemed transplanted to the fairy courts and colonnades of the Alhambra. The olive, the aloe, the indigo tree, and the fig diversified the rich foliage, the vine swung burdened with its purpling fruit, and the pomegranate displayed its flaming crest. Crops followed crops through all the seasons in unbroken succession.

Under the Romans Cordova was the seat of a celebrated university, which taught philosophy and rhetoric especially, and sustained a professorship of Greek. Here were born the two Senecas and the poets Sextilius Henna and Lucan. Under the Moors Cordova became a seat of wealth, luxury, and learning, rivalling Bagdad in its splendours, and so renowned in letters as to be called the Athens of the west. The accounts of its prosperity and magnificence during this period—from the ninth century to the twelfth—almost rival the tales of the Arabian Nights. Its population of a million souls has dwindled to about forty thousand. Yet Cordova, now a decayed and poverty-stricken city, with an air of utter dejection and desertion, once had six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eight thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes. So extensive were its manufactories of leather that the words cordovan and cordwainer are both derived from its name.

GYPSY KING IN GRENADA.

The great mosque of Cordova, founded in the year 786, rose in wondrous beauty on the site of an ancient Roman temple. The low but graceful roof of coloured tiles was supported by fourteen hundred slender columns, linked together by Moorish arches in gay colours, appearing, when viewed obliquely, like plaited ribands. These columns were of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, or precious marbles—the best that the quarries of the world could produce. The temples of Sicily, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Constantinople, were despoiled of their finest material. The stolen columns not being of uniform length, the longest were sunk into the floor, and the shortest were pieced out by giving them a redundance of capital or base.

Toledo lifts its gray walls and towers high above the bare, sun-baked hills around it. This decadent city of less than twenty thousand inhabitants once contained more than ten times that number. Here the Jews who fled from Nebuchadnezzar found refuge. They ascribe its name to the Hebrew word Toledoth, "the city of generations." Jewish, Gothic, Roman, Moorish, in succession, Toledo became at length thoroughly Spanish.

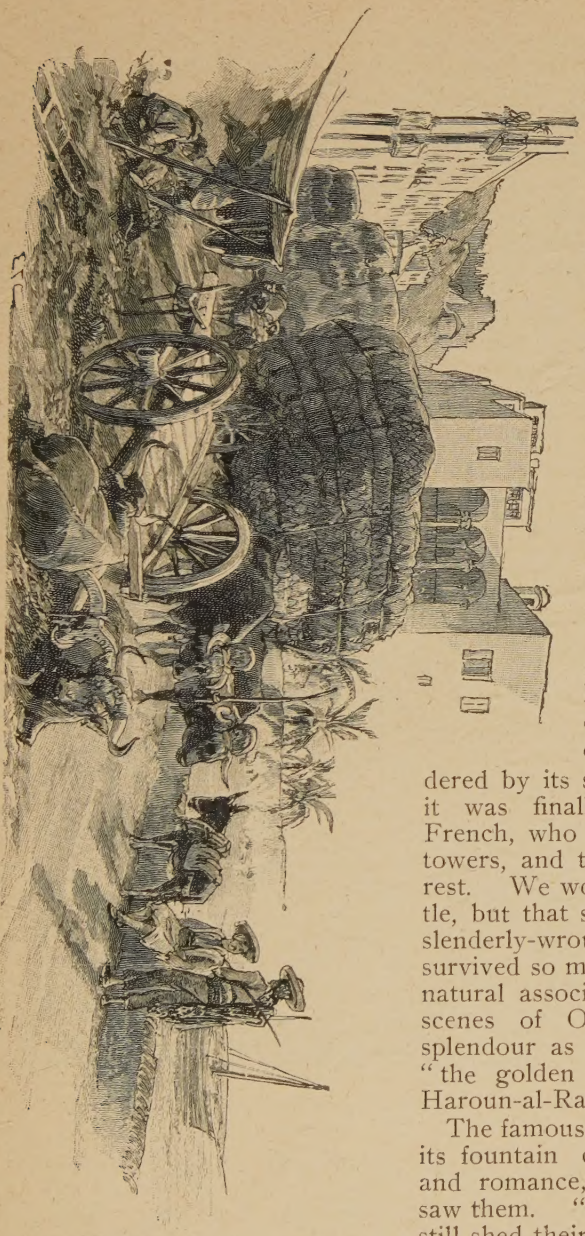
What chiefly commended Andalusia to the Moors was the beauty of its climate and the amazing fertility of the soil. The first was a God-sent gift, the latter made unstinting return for the labour freely but intelligently applied. Water was and still is the great need of those thirsty and nearly rainless Southern lands. The Moors were masters of hydraulic science, which was never more widely or intelligently practised. In Murcia and Andalusia the creaking of the water-wheel still recalls the distant past. The land still yields a perpetual increase. It knows no repose. Nothing lies fallow. "Man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life." Three or four harvests of corn are reaped in the year, twelve or fifteen of clover and lucerne.

Esparto grass is still manufactured, as in the days of Pliny, into matting, baskets, ropes, and the soles for the celebrated Alpargatas, or rope sandal shoes, worn universally by Spanish peasants in the south and Spanish soldiers on the line of march. When rags became more and more scarce and unequal to the demands of the paper-makers, no substitute answered the purpose better than the wild spear-grass of Southern Spain. It now forms a principal export. One of our engravings shows the cumbrous ox-teams by which it is conveyed to market.

There are in Andalusia a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Borrows, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. Many of their women, with their lithe figures, sloe-black eyes, and ivory-white teeth, are exceedingly beautiful. But the sinister qualities of the race betray themselves in the countenance of the men, as shown in the portrait of the gypsy chief, figured in our engraving.

Historically, this is one of the most interesting regions of the world. The very mountains, solemn and shadowy, seem like dim old memories, looming out of the obscurity and silence of the past. There is scarcely a cliff or a brook which has not its legend, scarcely a locality which has not been consecrated by romance, poetry, or

history. Here Moslem and Christian fought out their deadly feud, and a heart-broken race quitted,



SCENE IN ANDALUSIA—CONVEYING ESPARTO GRASS TO MARKET.

in humiliation and despir, the fruits of seven centuries of toil.

To the imagination the Alhambra —"Red Castle" of the Moors—is one of the most captivating themes in history. The human fancy will always delight in its poetic tales and legends, and the human heart will always be touched by the pathetic story of its conquest and decay. In its perfected state, as the stronghold of the Granadian princes, it was both a sumptuous palace and a powerful fortress. Forty thousand men could be quartered within its massive, turreted walls. Viewing its adaptation for defence, we are not surprised at the difficulties of its conquest, but rather that it was conquered at all.

For centuries after Boabdil's fall the Alhambra was a subject of untold pillage and depredation. Plundered by its successive governors, it was finally ravaged by the French, who blew up eight of its towers, and tried to demolish the rest. We wonder, not that so little, but that so much of this gay, slenderly-wrought architecture has survived so many vicissitudes. Its natural association is with such scenes of Oriental luxury and splendour as the poet ascribes to "the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Raschid."

The famous Court of Lions, with its fountain celebrated in poetry and romance, are just as Irving saw them. "The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil."

The Hall of the Abencerages, and the alleged blood-marks on its pavement, caused by the atrocious butchery of thirty-six gallant cavaliers of that name, and the superb Hall of the Ambassadors rebuke with their mutilated magnificence the vandalism of their despoilers.

HALL OF THE ABENCERAGES, THE ALHAMBRA.

At the village of Alhendin, Boabdil, the last king of Granada, took his farewell look of the city over whose loss he wept, beneath the scathing sarcasm of his more heroic mother: "You may well weep like a woman for what you cannot defend as a man." The little hill is still known by the name, "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro," "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

One of Lockhart's Spanish ballads thus describes the scene :

" There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun ;
Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn.

" *Te Deum Laudamus* was up the Alcala sung :
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung ;
The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile's display ;
One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away."

The ballad of the conquest of Alhama, one of the Moorish strongholds in Spain, stirred such intense emotions in the hearts of the people that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to be sung by the Moors within Granada.

" The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town ;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Wo is me, Alhama !"

Few nations have had a more heroic history than Christian Spain in its long conflict with the Moors. It was for eight hundred years the bulwark of Europe against the power of the Moslem. During these long centuries Spanish chivalry waged a crusade against the Saracen Emirs illustrated by deeds of knightly valour on either side. Its protracted and strenuous struggle with the infidel gave it a fierce intolerance of all dissent from the Catholic faith, of which it was the foremost champion. Hence the Jew, the Moslem, and the Protestant were alike persecuted with ruthless rigour.

This intolerance led to the establishment of the misnamed Holy Inquisition with its cruel apparatus, physical and spiritual, for the torture of the bodies and the souls of men. This very perversion of a zeal for the glory of God led Torquemada to so revel in " autos da fe " that even the cruel Borgia, Alexander VI., was compelled to restrain him; and caused the stern Hidalgo of Longfellow's poem to betray his daughters to death, and even to gather the fagots and light their martyr pyre.*

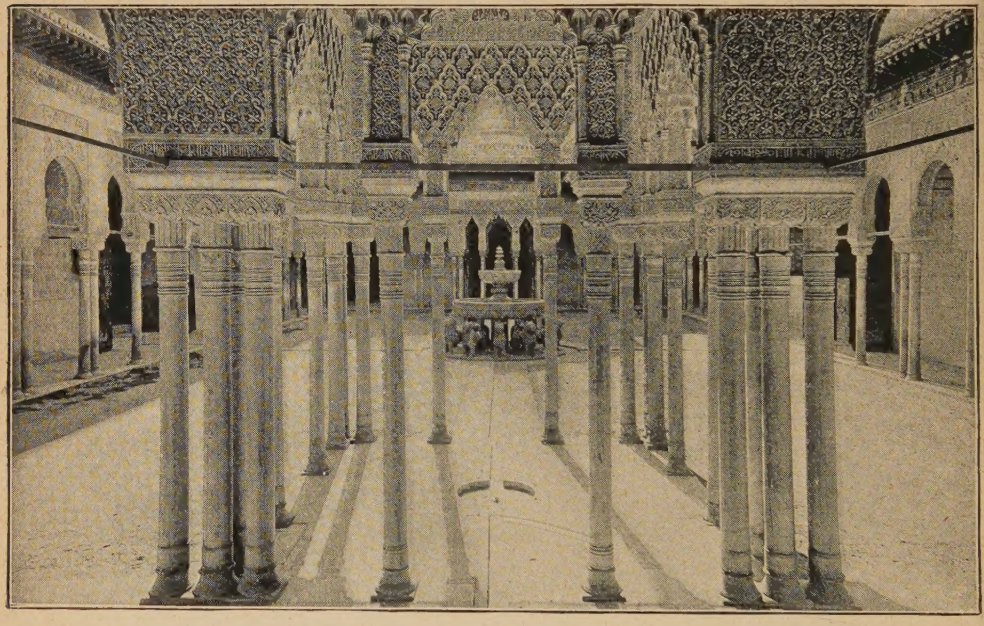
The banishment of the Moors, the most intelligent and industrious inhabitants of Spain, brought a blight upon the country like that the banishment of the Huguenots brought upon France. A Spanish monk, Ignatius Loyola, was the chief antagonist of Martin Luther, and caused the great reaction of the Latin races against the Reformation which emancipated from the shackles of Rome so many of the northern nations. The order of the Jesuits, of which he was the founder, has won renown and execration in every land, has been the greatest bulwark in the Catholic faith, and for its intermeddling with civil government has been expelled from every land. It was a Spanish monk, St. Francis Xavier, who became the most devoted and self-sacrificing missionary since the days of the apostles. He is said to have planted the Catholic faith in fifty-two different kingdoms, and to have baptized more than a million persons.

In literature Spain has made in-

* The sternness and intolerance of the Spanish character is shown by the popular name given to one of its Sovereigns, " Pedro, the Cruel," and by the epithet of a savage gorge in the Sierra Nevadas—" Despenaperros," or " Pitch the Dogs over," a commemoration of a desperate struggle between the Crescent and the Cross when the " infidel dogs " were hurled to destruction. Yet to his credit be it said, the Spaniard is never deaf to the appeal for charity. " It is something to say, and it is true, that Spanish officers never pass a beggar without dropping a few pence into the outstretched hand, and the Spanish soldier, himself on half rations, has been known to divide his bread with a *reconcentrado*. They know that no line can be drawn—whether Cuban or Spanish—the hungry must be fed, the naked clothed."

valuable contributions to the world's wealth. The chronicle of the Cid Campeador still stirs the blood with its deeds of high emprise, and the tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. Cervantes is the most genial humourist who ever wrote, not surpassed even by the myriad-minded Shakespeare.*

Many are familiar with Don Quixote who know nothing of his life in poverty, in misery, in obscurity. While serving as a common soldier, his hand was blown off by a arquebuse. He was captured by Barbary pirates and kept a slave for six years. "He returned to his native country maimed, ruined, friendless, without prospects and without resources." He was imprisoned for debt, and only a little before his death was relieved from poverty by the wonderful success of Don Quixote, which was written in prison.



COURT OF THE LIONS, THE ALHAMBRA, SPAIN.

Hamlet or Othello, and it has been translated into more languages. The story is told that Philip III. saw from his balcony a student walking along the banks of the Manzanares convulsed with laughter over a book. "He must either be crazy," said the king, "or he must be reading Don Quixote." Yet Cervantes, whose death, as Johnson said of Garrick's, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," spent most

The most prolific writer ever known was the Spanish poet, Lope da Vega. He wrote in all two thousand two hundred dramas, of which three hundred have been published in twenty-five quarto volumes; and many of them are of superior literary and religious merit. Calderon is another Spanish poet, whom Schlegel, the German critic, described as one of the greatest dramatists that ever wrote. From his fourteenth to his eighty-

* It is a curious coincidence that on the same day both these men of such surpassing genius died.

first year he produced three hundred and twenty sacred and secular dramas.

In art no painters have ever surpassed Murillo and Velasquez. The gallery of Madrid has been called the richest of the world. The Gothic cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, and Segovia surpass in magnificence all others in Europe. In military skill Spain's great captains, Consalvo de Cordova and Don John of Austria, in conflict with the Moors, the Saracens, the Turks, won undying fame. One of the greatest statesmen of Europe was Cardinal Ximenes, who promoted the publication of the first polyglot Bible. One of the purest patriots, and one of the most eloquent orators the world has known is the Count Castelar, leader of the Republican party in Spain.

Spanish valour was seen at its best in its gallant defences and sieges of the Rock of Gibraltar, so bravely won and held by British arms. This fortress rock is absolutely the smallest of Britain's possessions, but it is one of the most important. It has an area of only two square miles, with a population of about twenty thousand, including its garrison of five or six thousand men. But it is the strongest fortress in the world, and Britain's Key of Empire guarding her highway to the East. The following sonnet by George Woodberry expresses the sympathetic pride of the American people in the heroic memories of the Rock of the Lion :

" England, I stand on thy Imperial ground,
Not all a stranger ; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses ; well its people know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below :
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son !
I feel the conquerer in my blood and race ;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened ; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa ! "

Side by side with Wellington's heroes the Spaniards fought against the arch-despot Napoleon, and the heroism of the Spanish sailors sinking with their ships in the unequal battle of Manilla maintained the noblest traditions of old Castile.

Everywhere throughout the Iberian Peninsula the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair. To what may we attribute the decadence of this once noble nation ?" " Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, " is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the flames." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard have passed into a proverb. The railway porters and even the beggars address each other as " Your distinguished excellency," " Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II., appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

Another cause of Spanish decline has been the predominant influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been an incubus upon the industry of the people. At the close of the last century the clergy numbered about a quarter of a million. They have now been reduced to less than thirty-five thousand. In 1764 it was estimated that they possessed one-sixth of the real property and one-third of the movable property of all Spain; to the Roman Catholic Church some of its greatest scholars, and most eminent defenders of the faith. Among the Spanish clergy, as well as those of all other Catholic countries, there has, no doubt, been a succession of saintly men. The impression, however, which one gets in passing through the country and mingling with the people is that the bulk of them are not remarkable for either scholarship or sainthood.

THE ALHAMBRA.

and for all these enormous possessions they paid no taxes, or next to none. In 1820 a law was passed forbidding the Church to acquire any more property. In 1836 the possessions of the clergy were declared to be national property, and the sale of them was begun. The result is that the number of the private owners of land has been very greatly increased.

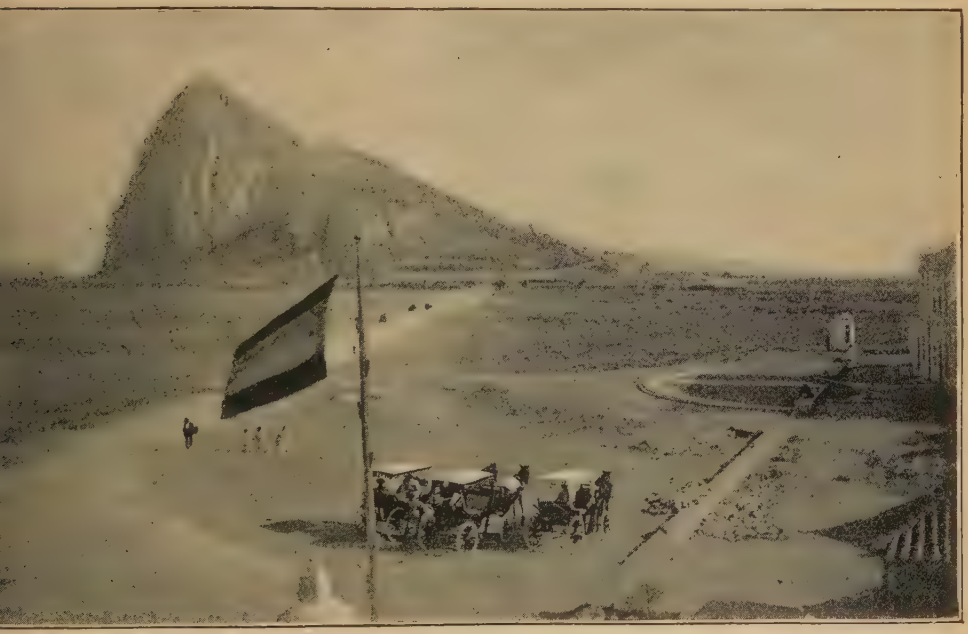
Spain has for some hundreds of years, says Dr. Blackstock, given

Still another cause of Spanish decadence—strange as it may seem—was the wealth of the New World,—the gold and silver of Mexico, Peru and La Plata—that was poured in a flood of Pactolus upon her shores. It verified the adage, "Easy come, easy go." It led to luxury of life, to reckless expenditure, and sapped the foundations of ancient vigour and virtue which had sustained the Spaniards during eight centuries of conflict with the Moors. These things

produced the same deterioration of character as the wealth of Sicily, of Carthage, of Egypt and the East produced upon the people of Rome.

The pride and splendour of Spain culminated under its sovereign Charles I., who was also Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Ruler of the Netherlands, of the Kingdom of Naples, of the almost boundless Spanish empire in America, of the fair domains of the Antilles, the Philippines, the Ladrones, the Carolines. His world-wide empire was broken up, and the power of Spain was shattered by the destruction of its vaunted Invincible Armada, launched by the dark and gloomy Philip II. against Protestant England, and by the capture of his plate ships by Frobisher and Drake. Of Spain's vast colonial empire only Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are left her, and these seem about to fall from her nerveless grasp.*

The Spaniards have been very justly criticised for the cruelty of their national sport, the bull fight. It is a survival of the inhuman combat of the Roman arena where twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated on the tortures of the martyred Christians, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." It is generally held on Sunday, turning its holy hours into a carnival of



GIBRALTAR, FROM THE SPANISH LINES.

* It is a curious circumstance that the best account of Spanish literature is written by the American author Ticknor; the best history of the Spanish Conquests in the Iberian Peninsula, in Mexico, and in Peru, by the American writer Prescott; the best romantic description of the Alhambra, and its legends, by another American, Washington Irving; the best history of the destruction of the power of Spain by the greatest of them all, John Lothrop Motley. It seems reserved for American arms to humble in the very dust the pride of Spain and drive her from the New World which she discovered and conquered.

blood. The effect cannot but be coarsening on the sensibilities, causing callousness to suffering and a delight in bloodshed. It is often a function enjoined by the tyranny of fashion rather than one of personal pleasure.

The French writer, Gautier, expresses a not unnatural surprise that sweet, Madonna-like faces, which might well inspire the painter of sacred subjects, should look on unmoved at the ghastly episodes of the blood-stained ring. It shocked him to see the deep interest with which these pale beauties followed the fight, to hear the feats of the arena discussed by sweet lips that might speak more suitably of softer things. Yet he found them simple and tender-hearted, and concluded that it was not cruelty of disposition but the custom of the country that drew them to this savage show. Since then the bull-fight, shorn, however, of its worst horrors, has become acclimatized and most popular amidst M. Gautier's own countrywomen of Paris.

Referring to this cruel spectacle, Byron says :

" Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain !
Though now one phalanx host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas, in humble homes remain
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow."

It passes comprehension how delicately nurtured women, tender mothers, and innocent girls can sanction with their presence and their smiles such scenes of torture, and " rain sweet influence from their eyes " upon the victor. But the toreador and matadores have at least the courage to face peril, to risk, and sometimes lose, their lives. The captain of the Maine, with his Puritan training, had not the excuse of the Havanese when he was present on Sunday as the guest of Spanish officers, with whom he is now at war, at this odious spectacle; and shocked the best sentiment of the American people.

It is a kindred survival that leads fair and innocent English girls, with their gallant admirers and a baying pack of hounds, to run to death a panting fox, or timid hare, or startled deer. Lady Florence Dixie declares that the mute agony in the eyes of a dying fawn haunted her for years. The bull-fight, with its horrors and its perils, is a more manly game than that of titled sportsmen shooting down dazed and fluttering pigeons released from a trap, and is not much worse than urging with whip and spur a noble horse, more noble than his rider, till he falls dead in his tracks.

It is strange how, beneath the veneer of civilization, in the garb of fashion, survives the barbaric instincts of the cave-men of the stone age. " It's a fine day; let us kill something," is said to be the morning salutation of your full-blooded sport. Even staid preachers often take supreme delight in lacerating the throat of a salmon or trout and dragging him from his native element to gasp out his life in thin air. The good and genial Isaak Walton urges the angler to impale the worm upon the hook " gently, as if you loved him." We cannot help thinking that in the higher civilization of the future some nobler amusement will be found than these inhuman sports. We agree with Coleridge,

" He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

We hear much of the cruelties of slavery under Spanish rule. Alas, the greed for gold has led many a dominant race to tyrannize over subject peoples. The Greeks, the Romans, almost every nation of Europe, were stained with this crime. Only within the memory of men now living have Britain, the United States, Russia, Brazil, and Spain washed their hands of this damning guilt.

Spain also treated with harsh

BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID, SPAIN.

severity the aboriginal people of the lands they conquered. But unhappily this was no new thing under the sun, and under Spanish rule it had some ameliorations which other nations did not confer. Spain spent millions in educating her Mexican Indians to be citizens all, and among them important scholars, great engineers, and sometime presidents of a republic. "To grasp just how much this means of contrast between the methods of the noble Saxon and the brutal Spaniard," says Mr. Lummis, an American writer, "we need only fancy ourselves erecting Tecumseh or War Cloud or Osceola to be President of the United States. We might also hunt up the churches that we have built for our aborigines while Mexico was building thousands. And we might even ponder upon the 250,000 Indians left to our millions, while it is a proved fact that the Indian population not only of Mexico, but of Spanish America, is greater to-day than at the conquest—and incomparably better off."

Spain had better hospitals in Mexico three centuries ago than there were in England. In 1803 that city had hospital beds for 1,100 patients. "It is entirely safe to say," says Mr. Lummis, "that no other city in the world, with a population then of about 140,000, could match this. A hundred

years before the first book was printed in New England, Spain had published many volumes in Mexico."

The collapse of Spain seems almost total and hopeless. "I have seen revolution after revolution," said a Spanish gentleman of high position, an hidalgo of the old school. "I expect to see more if my life is sufficiently prolonged. Spain has no government; each in power seeks but self-aggrandizement. Our army is full of Boulangers, ever ready to usurp power for his own ends. You suggest a change of dynasty? We could not hope to be thereby the gainers. A Republic, you say? That also has proved a failure with us. Ah, you English are happy; you do not need to change abruptly the existing order of things, you effect revolutions more calmly."

"I observed," said Mr. Griffiths in reply, "that perhaps national character and temperament had something to do with the matter." "You are right," he said very sadly, "we southerners are more impetuous, of fiercer temper. Whichever way I look, I see no hope for unhappy Spain."

There is evidently nothing but a free Bible, a free Gospel, and a powerful revival of pure spiritual religion which can recover Spain from the condition of apparently hopeless paralysis into which it has fallen.

THE CRY OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY EMMA (MRS. JOSEPH) PARKER.

"Here we have no continuing city,
We seek one to come." Our feet are bleeding,
And our haggard eyes should move God's pity!
When will our march be done?

When shall our yearning souls be satisfied,
Our heart's wild pulsing lulled to quietness,
And our whole being in Thy peace abide,
Oh, city of the blest?

The way we tread is thick with dead men's bones,
The sky is lurid, and the ground beneath
Is sharp with thorns and briers, and rough stones
Blister our weary feet.

Shadows of fearfulness and doom are near,
Breathings of hell and darkness compass us,
Our hope lies dead, shot through with cruel spear,
Of rankling doubt and dread.

Lost, lost, we wail, and through the gath'ring gloom
The echo of our voices answers us,
No shining towers from the gray mist loom,
And cold rain smites our flesh.

"Here we have no continuing city,
We seek one to come." Our feet are bleeding,
And our haggard eyes should move God's pity!
When will our march be done?

The City Temple, London, England.

God's Answer.

Ah, blinded souls! so bound by time and sense,
That eyes and feet alike cling to the clay,
Fling arms of faith round God's omnipotence,
And bright will grow the way.

The road to tired feet so dark and long,
Is quickly passed when clasped in love's embrace.
The child lies placid in arms warm and strong.
Close to the Father's face.

Let straining limbs relax, and quiet lie,
Feeling God's pulses underneath your own.
You live in Him, with Him you cannot die,
Grisly despair has flown!

"The God and Father" of your gracious Lord,
Is God and Father of your spirits, too.
Doubt not His promise, trust the holy word
Committed unto you.

The city of your dreams is hid from eyes
Whose lids are weighted with earth's heaviness;
Only faith's vision fleshly things defies
And views its palaces.

The germ of all things outward is within,
There is God's kingdom, there His dwelling-place,
Make clean the chambers of your souls from sin
And look upon His face.

THE SYRIAN COAST.*

CARMEL, TYRE, AND SIDON.

BY H. P. TRISTRAM, D.D.,

Canon of Durham.

A BIT OF THE SYRIAN COAST.

A more unattractive coast line than that of Philistia, or Southern Syria, apart from its history it would be hard to find. Yet what memories does that lonely shore suggest! Along that beach for four thousand years passed the armies of the rival empires of the world. Here was the last halt made by Rameses the Great re-

* During the month of July twenty millions of persons throughout Christendom will be studying, as it never was studied before, the life-story of Elijah the Tishbite, that strange and shaggy eremite who, with dramatic suddenness, appears at the court of Ahab, and proclaims, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word."

The stern prophet of the desert has well been called the "Cromwell of Scripture," who rebuked kings and defied priests, and who was yet a man strangely human in his weakness, "of like passions with ourselves." Caught up in a chariot of fire, with horses of fire, to the skies, there was something weird and wondrous about his memory, and in the forerunner of the Messiah the Jews beheld the reincarnation of the spirit of Elijah. In the glorious transfiguration of our Lord on Hermon, Elijah appeared with Moses speaking of the decease which Christ should accomplish at Jerusalem.

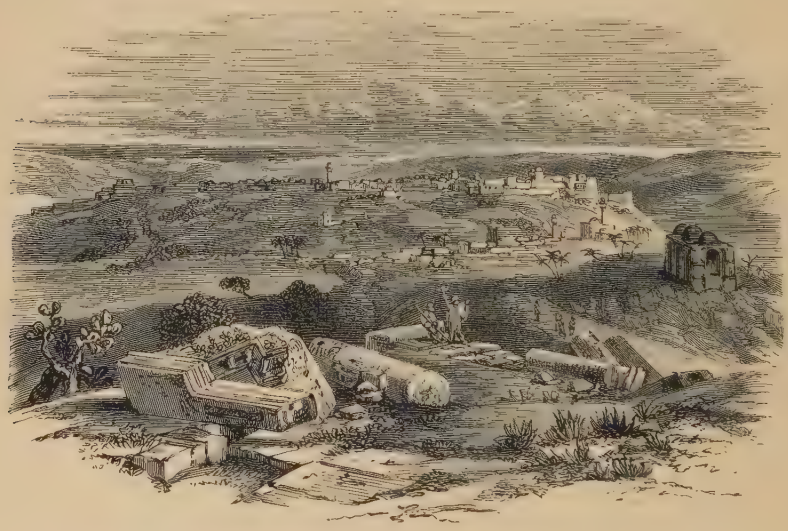
The most striking event in this great prophet's life is, we think, his contest single-handed on the lonely heights of Carmel with the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. We therefore produce the admirable account by Canon Tristram of Mount Carmel and its various aspects, and of that whole coast of Tyre and Sidon, and Philistia, which has been the scene of such earth-shaking conflicts, and is to-day a monument of the literal fulfilment of so much sacred prophecy. We have requested the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, of the Metropolitan Temple, New York, who preached a notable sermon on Elijah, in Toronto, to treat in another article the moral teachings of the life of the Tishbite. Mendelsshon's sublime oratorio of Elijah interprets with tremendous power the majestic character of this greatest of the prophets.

turning from the conquest of Asia; here Pharaoh Necho checked the advance of Sennacherib, and rolled back the Assyrian invasion; along this shore marched the armies of Cambyses, of Alexander the Great, and of the Khalif Amru; and here, wounded and baffled, died Baldwin, the second crusading king of Jerusalem.

The key of Egypt and Syria, Gaza, has stood many a siege since the time when it arrested for five months the march of Alexander

"Ashkelon shall be a desolation;" "Ashkelon shall not be inhabited," is true to the letter. There is not such another mass of ruins in Palestine, and yet the place has been for ages the quarry whence the marbles and pillars of the mosques and palaces of Acre and Jaffa have been drawn.

With Jaffa commences the long line of Phoenician seaports which once dotted the Syrian coast up to the mouth of the Orontes. At each a little barrier reef stands out



GAZA.

of Macedon. Saracen and Crusader held it in turn, and in the now desecrated cathedral of Helena, Richard of England and Louis of France did honour to their Saviour. But one other city of Philistia stands by the sea, the once royal Askelon, about twelve miles north of Gaza.

We climb over mounds of rubbish and find ourselves in a wilderness of gardens and marble fragments, the grave-stones of Philistia's grandeur. But not a solitary habitation. No man lives within its walls.

parallel to the coast line, seldom more than 300 or 400 yards from the shore, intercepting the swell from the west, which often sets in with terrific fury. There is not a solitary natural harbour along the whole of the inhospitable coast. Yet, with no other natural advantages than these fragments of reefs, did the indomitable Phoenicians found the first great naval power known in human history. From behind those insignificant rocks issued the fleets that ruled the Mediterranean to the Pillars of Hercules, that carried

commerce and arts along the Atlantic seaboard from Cornwall to the Canaries. From behind those little reefs were sent forth the colonies that overspread Sicily, that dominated Spain, that formed in Carthage an empire which could dispute for a century the supremacy of the world with Rome in all the vigour of her youth.

Strange and mysterious race, sprung we know not whence; the source from which Greece derived her letters and her civilization, politically consolidated and cultured, till Sidonian power and Tyrian splendour have passed into a proverb. His true dwelling was on the waves, and all he required of solid earth was a safe haven for his fleets, the shingle on which he could draw up his galleys, a depot for his wealth, and a secure fortress for his women and children.

Jaffa well illustrates the contrast between the marine of the ancients and the moderns. While our vessels must ride at anchor half a mile outside the reef, the inner harbour—where the Tyrian galleys rested, and where the rafts of timber were landed from the forests of Lebanon for the building of Solomon's temple—is scarce large enough for a few good-sized fishing boats.

The Phoenicians generally formed their harbours by running an artificial breakwater from the mainland to the north end of the reef. But here this has long since been broken up, and the old port, owing to the breaches in the ancient mole and the half-submerged rocks, is now a trap instead of a shelter. It was on these rocks that the Greek myth placed the chained Andromeda, to be rescued by Perseus.

JAFFA FROM THE SEA.

Jaffa, as seen from the sea, at once arrests the eye. But here, as elsewhere in the East, distance lends enchantment to the view. There is nothing picturesque in the streets, save the brightly-clad

but ragged inhabitants, and the camels with their loads and trappings. Everything is Oriental, but it is Oriental squalor. The only spot of Scriptural interest—the house of Simon the tanner—where St. Peter lodged, is still shown! but, of course, is modern, though from the position near the sea, and the well close by, it may probably be not far from the original site.

Upon these sandhills Napoleon

LANDING PLACE, JAFFA.

massacred the capitulated garrison in cold blood to the number of four thousand.

The view from the high ground behind the town gives a picture of what all the littoral of Palestine once was, and what it might be again—groves of fruit-trees pushing far into a plain—a gorgeous flower-carpet in spring, a cornfield in summer.

From Jaffa for more than fifty miles we sail northwards along the edge of the Plain of Sharon. Not a curve, not a rock, not the slightest undulation in that narrow white fringe, the border of the green mantle which clothes the richest and the widest of the maritime plains of Syria. But thirty miles along the coast we catch a glimpse of several rugged bastions standing out from the shore, beaten by the ceaseless surf, while at right angles to them along the edge of the land is a clump of tall masses of masonry, which looks at first sight like a group of gigantic trees stripped of their branches.

These are the ruined towers of Caesarea. The bastions stand on a submerged reef, which runs out at right angles into the sea, and the existence of which suggested to Herod the possibility of founding here a city and a port. The place had no existence before his time. King Herod, like Brunel, seems to have delighted in overcoming architectural and engineering difficulties. He built a

rectangular city, and excavated an artificial harbour, protecting the north side by a breakwater of granite columns laid side by side.

For twelve hundred years an shrunken far within the wide enceinte of the Roman battlements there rose by the indefatigable labours of the Crusaders a mediaeval citadel in front of the harbour.

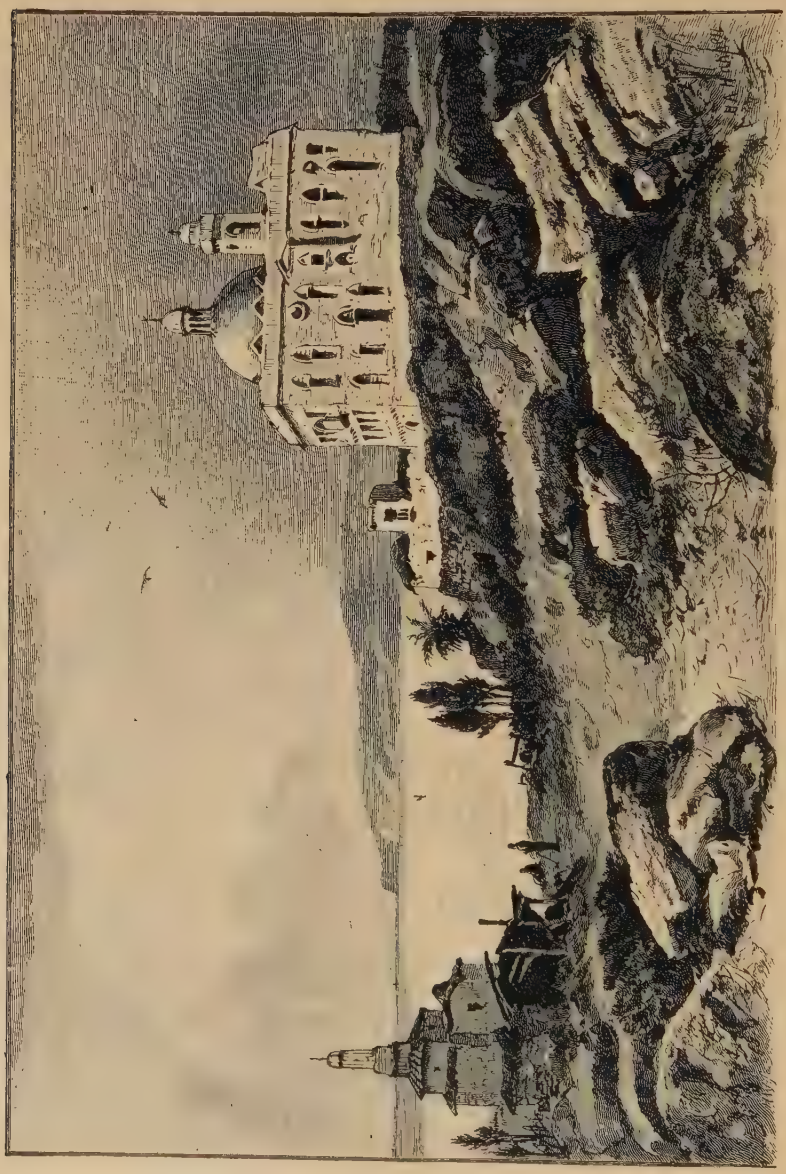
LOOKING SEAWARD FROM JAFFA.

important city, it is to-day even more desolate than Ashkelon. Not even a cluster of Arab huts is sheltered in its neighbourhood, for man has utterly deserted it. But

To this citadel belong the weird-like masses of masonry we behold. Gigantic nettles and every sort of weed choke the soil, and conceal the wells, cellars, arches,

and pitfalls, into which at each step the explorer may fall.

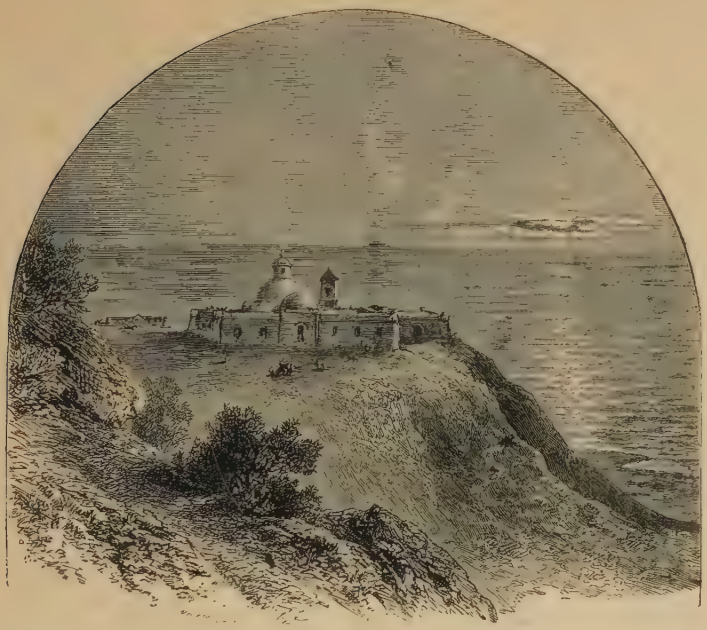
The temples and the colossal statues of Herod are gone and



CONVENT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

forgotten. There is no trace now to be recognized of that palace where Herod Agrippa the Elder came to his dreadful end (as mentioned in Acts xii.) ; and of that Forum where St. Paul stood to plead, first before Felix, and then before Festus and that Herod's son.

Musing on the vicissitudes of fortune, we pass north about fifteen miles. The plain rapidly contracts; and the bold bluff which



MOUNT CARMEL, LOOKING SEAWARD.

forms the eastern crest of Mount Carmel comes in sight. We pass northwards, and the monotony of the long featureless strand, unbroken since we left Egypt, is interupted by the bold promontory of Carmel running north-west, and, as it bends towards the sea, relieved by the lighthouse and the massive white monastry of the Carmelite friars hard by. The mountain stretches out its neck, like a "hog's-back," as the Greeks called it, rising boldly from the plain in the east, and dropping gently to seaward. To the Israelite, "the forest of Carmel," "the excellency of Carmel," expressed his highest idea of woodland beauty and mountain grandeur—to those who recall the Alps or Pyrenees it is insignificant; but for ordinary hill scenery it is undoubtedly fine.

Alas! the forests that partially covered it thirty years ago are now utterly destroyed by the reckless axe, to supply charcoal for the silk factories of Lebanon. Still the plains on either side remain the same, and they are truly vast; and the tiers of distant hills are so numerous and varied in

EASTERN SLOPE OF CARMEL.

outline, that, bare as Carmel now is, the scenery can never be called tame.

The highest point of the ridge is 1,700 feet above the sea, but the monastery on the western bluff is only 500 feet up. Yet from its roof we gain one of the finest views in Palestine. To the south Beyond it, the white headland of Ras-en-Nakura, the Ladder of Tyre, closes the sea view northwards. Above it rises the distant snow-clad Lebanon, almost lost in the clouds; while to the east, Tabor and Hermon, with the dark hills of Galilee, bound the half-hidden plain of Esdraelon.

EMBOSSED HEAD OF BAAL, AT RUKLEH, IN MOUNT LEBANON.

the whole coast-line can be traced, a fertile fringe to Carmel's mantle, with a hem of sand, and a lace-edging of spray.

At our feet, to the northward, is spread the broad bay of Acre, and the dark green plain beyond, with the white city of Acre looking like the farther horn of the crescent.

We descend again into the monastery, a cheerful and welcome hospice, entirely modern, raised by the indomitable energy of Fra Battista, fifty years ago, after the Turks had swept away every vestige of the old monastery, on the spot where Pythagoras is said to have sojourned and meditated.

But the worthy friars are firmly convinced that this is also the very spot where Elijah sacrificed, and where the Godhead of Jehovah was proved before assembled Israel.

The scene of this sublime event is now well known to be at the farther or eastern extremity of the ridge, sixteen miles farther inland, where the crest is 1,700 feet high, overlooking the perennial fountain and the slope on which Ahab and his priests were assembled, known as the Mohrakah or "place of burning," with the Kishon flowing beneath, and the barrow heaped over the priests of Baal on its bank, still called Tell Kassis—"the mound of the priests."

From the crest above there is a magnificent view seawards, though Cyprus is far beyond the range of vision. Landwards, the whole of Central Palestine, as far as the slopes towards the Jordan valley, is spread like a map, Mount Tabor and Gilboa proudly closing in any farther prospect. We look down on the historic battle-field of Palestine. Down that distant Tabor poured the hosts of Barak, to overwhelm their foes in the marshes below us. On the edge of that Gilboa the suddenly gleaming lights of Gideon's trusty band startled the Midianites. On the same slopes Saul fell in the last great struggle with the Philistines. Across that plain marched the Assyrian hordes of Shalmanezer, to the extinction of the Israelite kingdom. Immediately below us fell Josiah at the battle of Megiddo. By the shoulder of Tabor the last hope of the Crusader was crushed, on the fatal field of Hattin; and almost in our own day, on the battle-field of Barak, Napoleon routed the Turkish army at the battle of Tabor.

GATE OF HAIFA.

Under the shelter of Carmel vessels can ride, though at a distance from shore, and when unable to debark at Jaffa, travellers may often land here, although there is no harbour. If we wish to realize Oriental combination of picturesqueness and squalor, of luxury and filth, we cannot do

better than sip our Mocha and smoke our Latakieh in the cafe outside of Haifa. A large rickety platform on piles, with the rudest of balustrades, and a patchwork of laths, matting, and canvas for roof, shaded from the sun by a clump of palm trees, overlooks the bay towards Acre. The strand is strewn with the skeletons and gaunt projecting ribs of many a coaster, caught in the sudden westerly gales. The floor gapes between each plank, and the guests sit on straw mats, keeping an eye on their camels reposing beneath, while the most fragrant of coffee, and primitive nargiles or hubble-bubbles—formed of a calabash and two stout reeds inserted in it nearly upright, one with a mouthpiece, and the other with a red clay pipe fixed in the end—are served round.

Gibbon—after describing its final storming by Khalil, which closed the history of the Crusades, for it was the last spot in Syria where the flag of the Cross floated—gives us this colophon of the story: "A mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the world's debate." That silence was scarcely broken till near our own time, when, in 1799, Akka was besieged by Napoleon after the battle of Mount Tabor.

The old southern harbour of Tyre is now silted up, but can easily be traced, and the insular cluster of rocks on which the city stands stretches out horns north and south, low reefs once supporting the busy wharves of the Phoenician capital, but now surge-beaten naked rocks. Massive granite columns protrude prostrate from the sandhills and heaps of ruins, and hundreds more lie strewn in every direction under water in the shallow bay which was once a haven. These and the massive masonry of the

THE COASTS OF TYRE AND SIDON.

wharves are all that is left above ground of Phoenician Tyre. Like Jerusalem, destroyed and rebuilt time after time, even the city of the crusades lies beneath several feet of debris.

Below this are the remains of Mohammedan and early Christian Tyre, and below these again we must dig if we would expose the traces of the Tyre of the Greeks and of the Phoenicians, if any remains there be. Confined to the rocky islet, every new Tyre occupied the exact site of its predecessor, and we may be sure all available material was employed again. There is but one important relic above ground, but this, though eight hundred years old, is modern indeed in the history of Tyre—the Crusading cathedral, of which the outline, some massive pillars, and the three apses, still remain; built, as Renan ascertained by excavation, on the site of the old Byzantine Church; where William of Tyre was bishop, where Eusebius preached the dedication sermon, still extant, and in which lie the bones of the great Father of the Church, Origen, and of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Here almost the last Christian service held by the Crusaders was offered up.

We enter the one gate of the city into a labyrinth of narrow streets and filthy bazaars, more squalid than those of most Oriental third-rate towns. Such is the Tyre of to-day. But we must remember that it was a heap of absolutely uninhabited ruins till one hundred and twenty years ago; and that its restorers have been poor fishermen and peasants, in fact, merely squatters.

ON THE SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN NEAR TYRE.

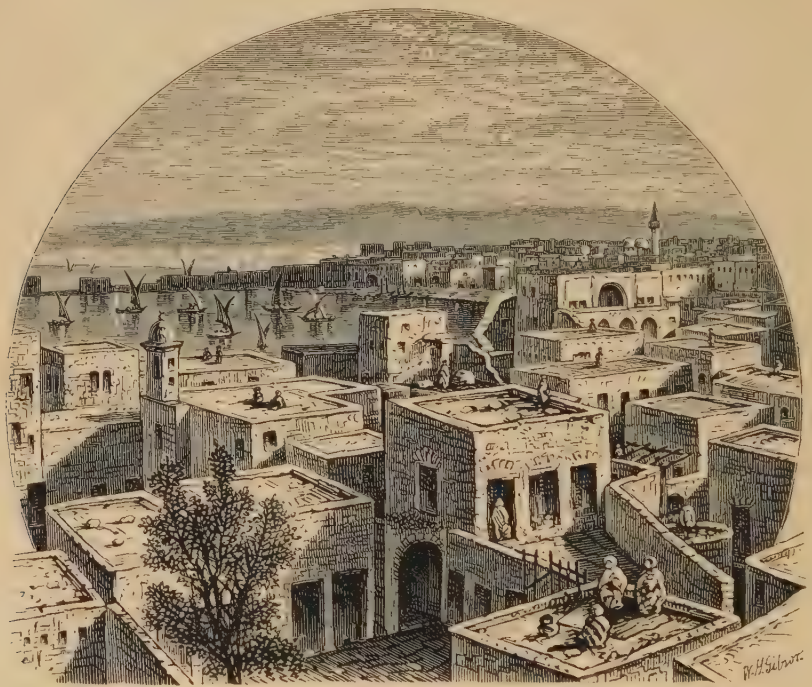
No prophetic picture has been more literally fulfilled than that of Ezekiel, at an epoch when the wealth and resources of Tyre were at their highest. The whole prophecy reads like a descriptive history of the present.* We stand

* "Therefore thus saith the Lord God; behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up.

"And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will

on those water-swept rocks on which rose warehouses that stored the world's wealth when the city of London was an uninhabited swamp. Yet it was to this little rock that the news first came of the existence of a world beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Hence were worked the mines of Spain, and here were freighted ships for Cornwall. The traces of the mother of Carthage, and of the colonization of the world, of which for centuries Tyre and her sister cities were the solitary pioneers.

Wherever we ascend the sides of the hills which bound the narrow plain, every rock is honeycombed with sepulchral chambers, while many a broken marble sarcophagus strews the ground. The slopes are covered with tombs, all long ago rifled and empty. The whole hillside is studded with



FLAT-ROOFED HOUSES AND HARBOUR OF MODERN TYRE.

source of our alphabet, are to be found, not on the reef from which she has been swept, but in the literature of Europe, in the commerce, in the marine, in the narrow doorways opening into chambers, each containing two or three ranges of "kokim" or niches for bodies, and some of them platforms for sarcophagi.

also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock.

"It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God: and it shall become a spoil to the nations."—Ezek. xxvi. 3-5.

Read also chapters xxvii.-xxix., a long lament for the fallen city, a prophecy of her utter destruction, which is so strikingly fulfilled to-day.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees
Thy merchandise, and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as nought,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

—*Longfellow's "Helen of Tyre."*

Very few have escaped the destroyer's hand. These rifled tombs may be counted by thousands, and many of them have been occupied

GATE IN SIDON.

over and over again, Greek and Roman facades and niches for statues having been subsequently added. Of many the roofs have fallen in, of others the fronts have broken away, and some vast subterranean halls are now used as folds for the goats.

Hiram's tomb is quite unique among these sepulchres of a vanished race, a massive stone sarcophagus on a base of three courses, with as massive a lid, standing by the wayside.

Soon after passing the mouth of the Flowery river we have an impressive view of Sidon, the mother of Phoenicia, one of the oldest cities in the world, sung by Homer, the "Great Sidon" of Joshua, and still standing nobly in her poverty and decay. In many respects Sidon is a counterpart of Tyre. There is the insular ridge of rocks, united by a causeway to the mainland, and thus forming the two harbours. But its two noble though dilapidated castles at either extremity of the still walled city, its large and often well-built houses, and, above all, the luxuriant gardens and fruit orchards which press up to the very walls and spread far beyond into the plain, present a picture of wealth and importance scarcely sustained by closer examination. Pent up within the walls the streets are narrow tunnels, arched, and supporting dwellings overhead, while the six large khans with their spacious courtyards are deserted by the merchants, and Great Sidon is now Saida, "a fishing place."

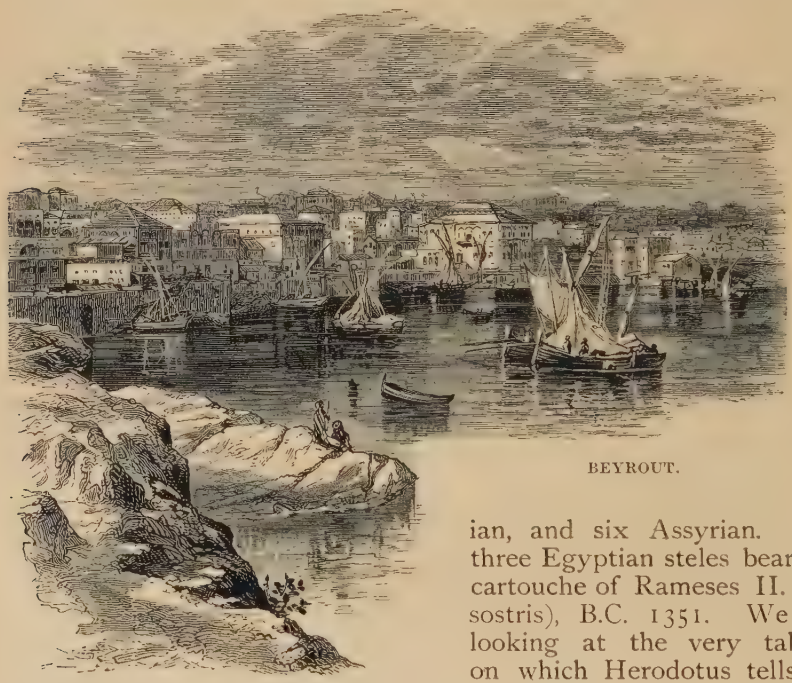
But the true antiquities of Sidon, like those of Tyre, are to be found in the vast cemeteries both in the plain to the south-east, and on the hills beyond. They are simply countless, and are of every period from the old Canaanite to the late Roman. Some are grottoes, to which we may descend by steps hewn in the rock, leading to chamber after chamber, like those of Egypt. In numbers of them are sarcophagi, some in marble and many in lead, though these latter are generally at once broken up when discovered. Here was found, not many years ago, the famous black basalt sarcophagus of Ashmunazar, King of Sidon, with an inscription of 990 words, one of the very few Phoenician in-

PORT OF SIDON.

scriptions of any length known to exist, and which is now in the Louvre.

In Beirut itself the East and West are strangely intermingled, bright Druse costumes, white-

veiled women and Arabs with their brown 'abiehs jostling with smart European carriages in the streets. No antiquities here, no relics of the past. The emporium of the silk trade and the successor of Tyre and Sidon as the centre of Syrian commerce, with its ninety thousand inhabitants. Beirut is simply a modern thriving and wealthy port, in which the Christian far outnumbers the Moslem element.



BEYROUT.

Beirut is the centre of missionary work for Syria. The American Presbyterian Mission is on a very large scale, has numerous buildings well worth a visit, and has carried on a noble educational work for many years. Their college, in which the highest education is given, and their medical school are the most important in Asiatic Turkey. What they have done for the higher training, the British Syrian schools have also accomplished for the women of all classes, and nowhere has Mohammedan prejudice been so disarmed as in Beirut.

Near Beirut is cut through a cliff the old coast road from Egypt. On the north side, in the face of the cliff, is a very legible inscription of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, of date A.D. 173. Near the top of the pass are a series of nine tablets deeply incised on the face of the cliff at different elevations. Three of these are Egyptian, and six Assyrian. The three Egyptian steles bear the cartouche of Rameses II. (Sesostris), B.C. 1351. We are looking at the very tablets on which Herodotus tells us, he gazed when they were one thousand years old. Here passed Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, and Alexander. For centuries Greek cohorts and Roman legions marched successively along this winding path, where we can see the ruts of their chariot-wheels. Saracen and Crusader alternately scoured this coast, and lastly, with a strange absence of any sense of the ludicrous, the first Egyptian stele has been usurped by a pompous record of the unopposed march of

some French troops under Napoleon III. to Damascus in A.D. 1860.

But there are records here to which the tablets of Rameses II. are but as of yesterday. The Egyptian monarch cut his road through the flooring of an ancient cavern facing the sea; and that flooring is composed of a hardened deposit of bone breccia mixed with flint chips, the relics of the stone age; when some rude savages fabricated their weapons on the floor of the cavern, and feasted on the aurochs, the bison, the elk, the red deer, and the reindeer, of all of which the teeth are abundant in the breccia. We are carried back, indeed, to pre-historic times, when glaciers fed the torrents of Lebanon, and these extinct denizens of the polar north roamed in its forests.

Near Tripoli is the old castle, still inhabited, built by King Raymond, and held by the Crusaders for one hundred and eighty years. From its roof is a rich and varied prospect. The minarets, domes and glittering roofs of the white city form the foreground. Westward we look over that storied sea of which Byron sings,

CRUSADERS' CASTLE, TRIPOLI.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

ELIJAH.

BY THE REV. S. PARKES CADMAN,

Pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York.

Elijah's personality is that of a rock in a weary land, arresting the fatal drift of his day. In his majestic isolation, his mystery of origin and freedom from the customs which beset other men, he resembles the shadowy figures of pre-historic legend—vast, terrible and portentous.

A man without a country, without known genealogy; his name significant of his mission, Elijah sprang into the voluptuous idolatry of Israel as one instant from God and returned, when his work was accomplished, in a whirlwind of unscorching flame.

His ambassadorship was divinely adapted to the times. His graphic formula, his letters royal, consisted in an overwhelming realization of the sense of the presence of God. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand." This was the persuasive thought of Elijah's mind. The sense of the awful immanence of Jehovah prevailed in him, and all he was and did and beheld but ministered to it.

An apostate nation led by Ahab and Jezebel had created peculiarly abnormal conditions. The king's very weakness was wickedness. He had the fatal distemper of a completely secular mind; he was destitute of firmness, greedy for lucre (as witnesseth Naboth's vineyard), and ready to enjoy the fruits of sin he dared to devise and did not dare to execute. He made a tool of others through cunning born of rapacity and cowardice combined.

But his consort Jezebel has stamped her name upon history as standing for all which is designing and malicious, crafty and revengeful. The monstrous undoing of sin is here shown; the first great instigator of persecution against the saints of God was a woman. She was the high priestess of the ghoulish band which has shed the blood of the martyrs through many centuries since her day.

And yet Jezebel understood Elijah as did none other of his contemporaries. She was an able and formidable foe, quick to discern his moods of deep despair following on a great occasion, and with lurid threats she drove him in egotistical grief to the wilderness where the angel succoured him.

Such were the conditions under which the prophet laboured and above which he continually arose. The commonweal had become a common woe, through corrupted individuality and the rule of a bigoted priesthood. Spain is the modern example of the Israel of Elijah's ministry.

Hence Elijah was, in all respects, save in allegiance to their Jehovah, a different man from Moses. They rank together in New Testament references as the twin-stars of a dawning sky. But Moses was constructive and initiatory; Elijah was destructive and reformative. Moses was the elegant polished scholar, deeply versed in the arts and masteries of government; Elijah was a plain, tumultuous man of stern mould and stark manner, shivering false gods, uprooting bacchanalian orgies, and turning the hearts of the children to the obedience of

their fathers and to the wisdom of the just. He was the Cromwell of the people of God.

The greater conquest of Elijah was in his own self-discipline and victory at Cherith, where the prophet, "with all his passions prayed in his prayer." Small wonder is it that he was a past master in the dynamic of the godly life, since he turned from his guilt and failure full of holy indignation against the sin which caused it.

Like the Baptist, he lost heart in the terrific struggle. But, like him, in this and much beside, he gained heart afresh. And so he passed, with the passing of a son of heaven. Other prophets were of princely blood and higher gifts. He had no vision such as Isaiah weaves into his glorious oratorio; the dusky splendours of Ezekiel were impossible to Elijah.

A peasant by birth, a man of no striking intellectual capacity, he sang no great psalm. But his moral and spiritual courage and dominancy, his white-hot purpose for righteousness, his ready submission to the best there was in him and not the worst, make him a comforting example to the average man. And these placed him by the side of the magnificent Moses in history, and with him by the side of One greater than Moses—up on the Mount of Transfiguration.

LOVE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Love is the ruling Power.
From loving Hands
Do fall the curtain-clouds, darkly that drop
Their folds about us. It is Love's own Voice
Which we obey, treading a road that seems
So sadly strange.
God's very name is Love:
And never can His acts that name belie.
In love alone—love first, love last, love always—
His each and every plan for us is laid.

He grants it not to us to choose our paths,
Or see the way by which He bids us journey,
Because He loves us with a love too true
To let us peril our eternal welfare.
And, left unguided in the garish day,
It may be we should turn aside and stray
Into some treacherous byway, tempting-bright
With the poor pleasures of a passing hour
—But leading at the last to dire disaster—
While He doth destine us unto the glad
Good things which perish not.
Wherefore Himself
Directs our course on earth that it shall tend
Unswervingly to heaven.
So we do wait,
Amid the shadows, for His guiding word;
Daring no step but as that word we hear;
Discerning not, e'en then, the road marked out
For our advancing feet; but sure of this:
That Love will safely bring to endless bliss.

Toronto.

THE RELATIONS OF CANADA TO THE EMPIRE.

BY GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal Queen's University, Kingston.

The relations of Canada to the Empire are found not in Acts of Parliament so much as in the spirit of the British constitution which is unwritten; in traditions, precedents and conventions, made from time to time as needs arise; and in the long history which Britons and Canadians have shared alike.

We have only to compare the fortunes respectively of Spain and Great Britain, the two greatest colonizing nations of modern times, to understand how much more important it is to have peoples bound together by a common vital principle than by written codes, however excellent, or military force, however great. Spain held possession for centuries of Mexico (including those great provinces wrested from Mexico in our time by the United States), as well as of Central America and the whole of South America, with the exception of Brazil and Guiana. She impressed on those immense regions her language, religion, laws and civilization so effectively that they are Spanish in feeling still, in spite of the long and cruel wars of independence which they had to wage against her. Yet she lost them one by one, because, trying to keep them for her own benefit, she failed to win their affection, while she aroused a desire for freedom which became almost unreasoning, because no concessions were ever made to it.

All those costly lessons have been lost on Spain. She has proved herself insensible to the teaching of experience. In a memorandum, written in 1892, by General Polavieja, then Captain-General of Cuba, and recently published, he predicted the outbreak of another rebellion, for he declared that the embers of the former rebellion had never been wholly extinguished, and that every Cuban, even though born of Spanish parents, was at heart in favour of separation. Why? Simply because the promises made by the mother country had not been kept. The apparently liberal constitution, given to the colony at the end of the previous rebellion, had been from the first a dead letter. The General knew, too, that Spain never intended to give the Cubans real freedom, and therefore he proposed to cure the slumbering disaffection, by the truly Spanish prescription of less home rule and more shooting.

How differently stands the case of Great Britain and her vast colonial empire, the jubilee of last year showed to all the world. The most notable feature of that demonstration was the presence of eleven Premiers of eleven great self-governing colonies. These representative statesmen met with the Colonial Secretary and declared that they had no grievance. The present relations corresponded so well to their present stage of development that no change was suggested by any of them, except by the Premiers of Tasmania and New Zealand, who simply desiderated closer union with Britain.

It is true that last century the thirteen North American colonies did separate from the mother country; but let it not be forgotten that they had fought side by side

with her against all opponents during the stirring previous century; that they stood on impregnable constitutional ground in resisting the king and the ministry of the day; that an immense number of their best people strenuously opposed the separation; and that, after the war, many of these proved their sincerity by sacrificing almost everything that men usually hold dear, in order to continue living under the flag of their fathers.

But what is still more worthy of being noted is this, that Britain learned her lesson. She has never lost a colony since. She has invariably given all the extensions of self-government which have been desired, wherever her children have asked for them with anything like unanimity or earnestness. And what she has given with the one hand she has never taken back with the other. In consequence, therefore, of this gradual development from dependence into partnership, the relations of Canada to the rest of the empire have been different at different times. After the conquest from France and the peace of Paris in 1763, there had to be a military regime for some years. In 1774 came the Quebec Act, a legislative measure, still condemned by some, but which most authorities acknowledge to have been well up to the best political wisdom of the time, and certainly a generous concession to the great mass of the Canadian people of the time.

In 1791 came the division of Canada into the Upper and Lower Provinces, and the granting to each of a constitution which Governor Simcoe announced as "in all respects a transcript of that of Great Britain." Although part of this constitution was a crown-appointed executive council, with no responsibility to Parliament or people, the Governor's statement was correct, for his irresponsible council simply expressed the idea of the age regarding the extent of the royal prerogative—an idea entertained also by the fathers of the American constitution, when they gave to the President his extraordinary powers, practically limiting them only by limiting his tenure of office. At any rate, the Canada Act of 1791 gave us parliaments, and it thus contained within itself the germ of all our subsequent constitutional progress.

About half a century later, responsible government was conceded to the different provinces of British North America, after struggles which involved little or no bloodshed in any of them, with the exception of one, and, in that case, little or no general danger and no serious interruptions to the public life.

Let me here remind those who may have to trace our development more in detail, that they should never forget that development is another word for growth, that all growth is a battle and that no battle is absolutely free from danger. Growth comes from life and life is a battle. None the less, life is better than death.

The next great stage in our political development was the confederation, in 1867, of four provinces into a Dominion, according to the British North America Act. Our political development has steadily continued ever since, and has been marked by several milestones, more or less visible.

When Sir Charles Tupper went to Washington as the Secretary of State for Canada, Mr. Bayard said to him: "The confederation of Canada and the construction of a great inter-oceanic line of railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has made Canada a nation, and we might as well recognize

the fact." In this, Mr. Bayard showed his superior insight to men like Mr. Hamilton Fish and Mr. Blaine, both of whom querulously complained that Great Britain consulted Canada, in the negotiations concerning her own fisheries!

The negotiation of the Treaty of Washington, in 1871, marked the appearance for the first time of a Colonial Cabinet Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, as one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries. It was also provided that that treaty, which settled all questions between Britain and the States at the time, should not come into effect unless ratified by the Parliament of Canada. As no steps backward are ever taken in the political development of a free people, and as British policy is invariably guided by precedent, these facts expressed significantly the conviction of Imperial statesmen that Canada had emerged from the colonial into the national status, or that she had become, to use Sir John A. Macdonald's phrase, "a nation within a nation."

From 1867, only a misuse of language permits us to speak of Canada as a colony. Sir John A. Macdonald desired then that Canada should be known as a "kingdom," but the more ambiguous term "Dominion" was adopted; and rightly so, until we share in the responsibilities of empire equally with the kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, That day is coming, and every healthy stimulus given to the national self-consciousness hastens its coming.

The precedent of joint High Commissioners set in the negotiations which led to the Treaty of Washington has been followed ever since. Sir Charles Tupper, nominated by Canada, represented the empire as one of her Majesty's plenipotentiaries as fully as did Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when the two visited Washington and negotiated a treaty with the United States, which, though defeated by a party vote in the Senate of the Republic, received the unanimous consent of the Dominion Parliament. The modus vivendi established under that treaty still lives, and prevents friction along our Atlantic coasts, until the day arrives for a complete settlement not only of the fisheries but of all disputed questions between us and our neighbours.

So, also, Sir Charles Tupper, nominated by Canada, acted as her Majesty's plenipotentiary in negotiating the treaty between France and Canada. In the same way, on the nomination of Canada, her Majesty's Government selected Sir John Thompson as one of the two representatives of Britain, at the international arbitration on the Behring Sea question in Paris, when so many grave questions of international law had to be decided, before the seizure of our Canadian vessels could be considered. Any one of those seizures would have led to war, in former days, a war which, whatever its immediate results, would have heavily mortgaged our future, and delayed or utterly prevented that reunion of the English-speaking race on which the best interests of the world depend.

Few have given thought to the tremendous importance of that international tribunal or to the value of the work done by the diplomatists who brought it about or to what we owe to the men who secured for us the great triumph of its decisions; and fewer still would be able to take the measure of these things, even if they did spare a few stray thoughts to their consideration. Any one can criticize the cost of Sir John Macdonald's cabs, or the details of Sir John Thompson's funeral, or the

salary of Lord Aberdeen, or the travelling expenses of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or the terrible burden of the crown to the poor taxpayers, especially in a Jubilee year; and opportunity for such criticism should always be allowed, were it only to prevent the waste that is apt to attend irresponsibility. But these things, after all, are the small dust of the balance in comparison with the mountains which a nation must level if it is to do any great work, and while mice can attend to dust, it requires a different order of beings to tackle mountains. When a nation breeds statesmen, let them, in the public interest, receive all due honour, living or dead.

Since 1896 our development into the full status of nationhood has received more than one decided impulse, and at the same time our sense of the importance of imperial unity has been quickened by the widening of our horizon. Talk of a maximum and minimum tariff, the minimum to be applied to Britain, had been in the air for years before. I advocated it in an address given in 1891, and published at the time by the Imperial Federation League in Toronto. Dalton McCarthy, the chairman of the meeting, in his closing remarks accepted it as the best policy for Canada, in itself and as being along the lines of least resistance.

But mere talk amounts to little. A great political organization shrinks from new departures, unless popular feeling has first manifested itself, and Mr. Davies' well-known motion on the subject, in the House of Commons, far from being greeted with enthusiasm, was regarded rather as kite-flying, and not a measure intended for practical politics. Mr. Fielding's tariff, however, smote the rock. It came at the right time. The Dingley Bill and the great Jubilee co-operated to make it a success. The British Government, though always most reluctant to disturb trade by denouncing treaties, allowed its hands to be forced. Fortunately, it could point to the fact that all the Premiers of the self-governing colonies pressed for the denunciation, and undertook to confer with their colleagues, with a view to seeing whether improved trade relations within the Empire would be secured by giving a preference to British products; but such promises would have availed nothing, had it not been for the action of Canada.

"Deeds, not words," is the favourite motto of all just and sensible men. And, their enemies being judges, the British people are characterized by love of justice and saving common sense, and they love to see the dawnings of such qualities in others, and especially in their children. The enthusiasm with which they greeted the small instalment of fair play which our new tariff proposed was positively touching.

For years we had been clamouring for reciprocity with the United States. We never dreamed of asking for preference from them, though the idea would have been in accord with their practice. All that we thought of was reciprocity, or free interchange. Yet the thing we begged almost on our knees and in vain from strangers we would not give to our mother country, except at a price that would have disorganized the mightiest commercial fabric the world has ever seen! At last, however, we have entered on the right path. Let us go forward resolutely on it, and the results—commercial and political—will be greater than the most sanguine would care now to predict. The poet is a prophet. Rudyard Kipling, who is a true poet, saw at

once the far-reaching significance of our new departure, and greeted it in such stately verse as in former days would have been reserved for the clash of steel. And he was right. For the new policy, if pressed to its legitimate conclusion, will lead eventually not only to commercial unity within the Empire, but to a reasonable discrimination against those who are without.

Of all the steps taken since 1867 by Imperial statesmen to show that they no longer regard Canada as a colony, the one which most attracted the attention of the world was the denunciation of the treaties with Belgium and Germany. But even more significant was the attitude taken since, when the United States pressed last year for the revision of the rules regarding pelagic sealing established by international agreement. Although the United States made out a strong case, Lord Salisbury declined even to discuss it, on the one ground that Canada would not consent to re-open the question, unless all other disputes were considered at the same time. In other words, henceforth the decisions of her Majesty's Canadian Privy Council in all matters touching our interests on this continent, are not only final, but they are backed by the whole force of the Empire.

It is a tremendous responsibility for Britain. It looks like giving us an absolutely free hand and yet engaging to fight our battles. The responsibility would never have been accepted had we not proved our fitness to govern the half continent entrusted to our care, and had it not been seen that we have given pledges for the wise exercise of the trust committed to us, and also that our position, alongside of a power overwhelmingly strong, is in itself sufficient pledge.

But the real secret of this partnership in the Empire, which has come about—almost without notice, in the natural course of evolution, is to be found in the marvellous elasticity of the British constitution. We are governed by Queen, Senate and Commons, just as the mother country is governed by Queen, House of Lords and House of Commons. The Queen to us is not the Queen of England but the Queen of Canada. In Canadian matters she consults her Canadian Privy Council. In all matters she consults her Imperial Privy Council. Though there is an apparent, there is no real dualism. The two Councils are essentially one, because of innumerable subtle links binding them together. There is also an Australian Privy Council, and when Australia becomes a political unity, it will have, in Australian matters, the same free hand, backed by the united strength of the Empire, to which we have attained, as far as affairs on our own continent are concerned.

Thus, as Mr. O. A. Howland has pointed out in his admirable work, "The New Empire," it results that

> "The legislative independence of the separate states or nations composing the Empire, is substantially, if not formally, unusually complete. Yearly the rule becomes more solidly settled, that, in all matters of local legislation, the Crown acts solely by the advice of its local ministry, with the consent of the local parliament. . . . The practical sense of the home and Colonial cabinets has already wrought out a novel and peculiar practice, a kind of give and take system, which, puzzling as it may be to foreign governments, inconsistent even as it seems to be with doctrines to be found in our books, is in accordance with the real spirit of our institutions. While the prerogatives of peace and war, the negotiation of international treaties, and the

appointment of ambassadors, are in form controlled exclusively by a council of advisers, chosen from Her Majesty's subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, alone,* yet, in reality, those powers are not thus centralized, but are very delicately balanced and distributed. In making treaties, or disposing of diplomatic questions affecting Canada or Australia, Canadian and Australian Privy Councils now invariably take part in the consultation. By memorials and dispatches, sometimes by delegations and conferences, the will of the Queen's subjects in the portion of the realm immediately concerned, is ascertained, through the constitutional channel of the local advisers representing them. Time, in fact, is silently clothing the ancient body of councillors nearest the throne with something of the representative character that has fallen upon the throne itself. More and more they will be seen enacting in these wide-reaching matters, not so much their individual will or opinion, as the course advised by the ministers of some great Colony, more directly interested in the particular issue."

That there are risks connected with this vast, complicated and delicately adjusted organism no one will deny. It is doubtful if it could be worked by Oriental or even by purely Latin races. It certainly never has been. The peculiar combination of qualities existing in the British, and largely characterizing the American, people, would seem to be required. But it is certainly no argument against a form of government that a highly organized, liberty-loving and sober race is needed for its successful working. Every form of government has its risks; for the government represents the national life, and all life is a conflict and therefore attended with continual danger. Besides, what is the alternative? The destruction of the British Empire. Well, Canadians, in their own interest, in the interest of the mother country and in the interest of humanity, are not and never will be prepared for that. Doubts as to the future have been expressed. Even wise men have said that our connection with the Empire could not be permanent; that it suited us now in our time of weakness, but that when Canada became strong, separation would inevitably take place. Apart from the rather contemptible code of political morality it involves, such a forecast does not seem to me to indicate the highest political wisdom. But the future need not be discussed. The future will take care of itself.

As we trace the evolution, from the military regime which was required in Canada in 1763, to the fulness of self-government which we are enjoying in 1898, two or three reflections may be pardoned. In the first place, noting with what slow and majestic steps the life of a nation moves on from point to point in its upward ascent, we are impressively warned against rash and hasty experiments, and as impressively taught that the best remedies for social and political evils are not those which promise extensive and immediate results. Secondly, every true advance must be not a destruction but a fulfilment of the past. Time makes changes imperceptibly and wastes nothing. Let us imitate time and its great method of evolution. "Genuine reformers," says Tiele, one of our best authorities on the history of religion, "those who have founded any permanent system are at once conservative and progressive." The absolute conditions of success are that "they do not quit historic ground and that their reforms are rooted in tradition." What he says of religious applies as truly to political life. Its progress must be rooted in the highest development of the past.

* This is no longer the case with the Imperial Privy Council. Since "The New Empire" was written (1891), a new departure has been taken. Last year, all the Premiers of the self-governing colonies were made members of the Imperial Privy Council, and in the case of Canada not only the Premier but other Canadians.

And, lastly, every addition to our liberty implies added responsibility. We are a nation only in name if we shrink from the conditions involved in national life. The pettiest South American Republic has its army, its navy, its ambassadors, its consuls, all kept up without grudging, just as every grown man keeps up his own household, without spunging on his neighbours. Yet, what would their army or navy amount to in any real struggle? We are more fortunately situated, because we are not a separate nation, but junior partners in the great firm of John Bull & Co. But does this imply that the junior partner is to bear none of the expense of the common burdens? When we hear protests against expenditures for our militia, or for a proposed naval reserve, or other means of assisting the fleet or for naval defence, on the ground that all that is unnecessary, as Great Britain will do it all for us, it is difficult to repress the indignation, the feeling of disgust which craves for emphatic utterance. Paupers and sexless beings talk in that style, normal grown men and women never.

Queen's University, Kingston.

THEY MEET TO-NIGHT.

They meet to-night, the one who closed his eyes
Unto the pain forever and the woe,
And one who found the mansions in the skies
In all their splendours long, long years ago.

What will they say when first their eyes shall meet?
Or will a silence take the place of words
As only saints can know; how strangely sweet
A rapture such as only heaven affords?

Will she who went before ask first for those
Left far behind, those whom she loved so well?
Or will the other, new to heaven's repose,
Question of all its meaning—who can tell?

And will they wander where the flowers are deep
Beneath their feet there in the pastures green,
Where fadeless blossoms o'er the hillsides creep,
And where no piercing thorns are ever seen?

One went so long ago, and one to-night
Took the long journey far across the tide;
This only do I know, they meet to-night,
And meeting, both, I know, are satisfied.

—*Nelly H. Woodworth.*

IN SICKNESS.

Alone, yet not alone;
A tender, loving Friend is ever near,
I feel His gentle touch, and listening, hear
His whispered words of comfort, and of cheer;
And I am not alone.

Suffering, and yet at ease;
Though pain may rack the shrinking body, still
It makes it sweet to know it is His will,
And what He sends is good, though seeming ill,
And so I am at ease.

Weary and yet at rest;
It is so sweet to lie upon His breast,
Soothed by His voice, and by His touch caressed;
No other resting-place were half so blest;
And here I lie at rest.

Troubled, and yet at peace;
My Friend all-loving, is all-powerful, too,
Whate'er I need His love for me will do,
I fully trust Him, for I know Him true,
And, trusting, I have peace.

—*Junia.*

OUR NATIONAL SANITARIUM.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MUSKOKA HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The "White Plague of the North," as consumption has aptly been called by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the direct cause of one death out of every seven occurring in our country. While no class of society is exempt it is especially a disease of the poor, its victims being for the most part found among the young.

Attacking them at a time when all their best efforts are needed to shape their life's work it, sooner or later, withdraws them from productive employment and dooms them to prolonged illness. Many of those affected are compelled to toil on for bare subsistence while slowly dying and spreading the disease among their fellows. In no small proportion of cases those who from love for the stricken ones have been most constantly in attendance become in like manner diseased before the end is reached. The results of home treatment, as it can be carried out among those who earn their own living, are in the last degree discouraging, and general hospitals even when open to patients with Phthisis give no better results.

The latest message of medical science makes it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that if recognized early the disease will yield to favourable conditions and proper treatment in nearly, or quite one-half of, all cases. Recent improvements in the methods of examination have made possible for us early and positive recognition of the disease.

In these two facts we have the groundwork of hope for immense usefulness, to an unfortunate class, in the very near future. Let those threatened with lung disease be promptly sent to the Sanitarium, and to thousands of them

it will be a message of life. At their command will be placed means of cure now available only to the wealthy. The spirit of humanity has many appeals made to it, but surely none that is more urgent or more worthy than this. The vastness of the field that has to be provided for should not dismay the philanthropic, for when we consider that each case is a centre for dissemination of the disease, it is plain that the restoration of that person to health, or even his isolation for a period, must tend to diminish considerably the prevalence of the disease.

THE FRANK BULL MEMORIAL COTTAGE.

(Presented by Mrs. T. H. Bull, Toronto.)

In our Muskoka region and in the Rocky Mountain section of our Northwest, there are sites for Sanitaria not excelled on this continent. The first of these utilized is a beautiful spot on Lake Muskoka. It is seventy acres in extent, slopes towards the south and the lake, and is protected on the north and west by pine forest and by rocky ridges. Upon it is built a large administration building and several cottages. For the summer months its location makes it from the start an assured success, and on the experience of the Adirondack Sanitarium we look for even better results in winter.

In its earlier stages consumption is now well known to be curable. Dr. J. E. Graham, Professor of Medicine in Toronto University, in an address before the Ontario Medical Association, said :

"By intelligent and persistent efforts to destroy the bacilli or to prevent their entrance into the body; by general sanitation; by careful management of individuals who have a hereditary predisposition; and by the open air treatment if possible in special hospitals for incipient as well as advanced cases; the ravages of the disease would in my opinion be diminished by one half and perhaps to a much greater extent."

Dr. Herman Biggs, head of the Health Department of New York, and one of the best known authorities on the subject in the United States, says :

"I have repeatedly seen persons admitted for other diseases contract tuberculosis in the ward, and leave the hospital cured of the original infection but suffering from well-developed tuberculosis, or remain only to die from the latter disease. If as many deaths occured daily for one month from Asiatic cholera in New York as regularly occur from pulmonary consumption the city would be well-nigh depopulated from panic resulting."

In London alone there are three or four great Consumptive Hospitals; the one at Brompton in the west end treated last year 14,000 out-patients and 2,000 in-patients; and the Royal Victoria Hospital in the east end, 16,000 out-patients and 1,300 in-patients. All of these were treated without charge.

In Switzerland there is at Davos Platz, 6,000 feet above the sea, a great Sanitarium for consumptives with thousands of guests, having many miles of railway built specially to accommodate consumptive patients and their friends. The Government has issued regulations looking to the establishment of special hospitals in each canton.

The report of Dr. P. H. Bryce, Secretary Provincial Board of Health, of Ontario, January 17th, 1895, states that some 1,000 consumptive patients are now annually treated in the General Hospitals of Ontario to the great danger of other patients. He further states that in 1897 there were in Ontario alone 3,000 deaths from this disease. In the other provinces of the Dominion the ravages of consumption are believed to be equally great.

Canada affords just such favourable conditions of climate as are necessary. Our cold weather is the reverse of an obstacle. Dr. Trudeau, physician in charge at the Saranac Lake Institution, states that his patients do notably better during the cold weather of winter than through the summer.

THE DAVIES MEMORIAL COTTAGE.

(Presented by Mr. Wm. Davies and family, Toronto.)

The considerations above named have led a number of philanthropic gentlemen to establish the National Sanitarium for the cure of consumption. They have formed an incorporated association, of which Lord Strathcona is the president and Sir William Meredith vice-president. To Mr. W. J. Gage, the treasurer, the scheme largely owes its success. He has himself given $25,000 to this object, and has taken intense interest in its promotion. The late Hart A. Massey was also a generous

benefactor. Among its trustees are Senator Cox, Senator Sanford, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Messrs. W. E. H. Massey, Edward Gurney, Hugh Blain, and other prominent citizens.

A most eligible site near Gravenhurst, Muskoka District, comprising about forty acres of well-timbered land, has been secured, with the option to purchase an adjoining thirty acres. Here an institution has been started composed of one large administration building with several cottages.

This is not a commercial speculation. No capital stock subscribed and no dividends to be paid. It is intended to be in every sense a public national undertaking. Anything short of this would fail to adequately provide for the poor who are the most deeply interested.

The public is appealed to for subscriptions to an immediate endowment of $250,000. This would place the institution at Muskoka on a substantial basis and enable the trustees to establish a second institution, preferably in the Rocky Mountain District, at an early date.

Two of the original promoters have promised subscriptions of $25,000 each and the municipality of Gravenhurst has voted a bonus of $10,000. Important concessions have been secured from the Grand Trunk and Ottawa & Parry Sound and Canadian Pacific Railways, including an agreement to give free transportation to the hospital for one hundred poor patients per annum and half rate for other patients.

The Ontario Government has agreed to give the same per diem allowance for each patient belonging to the Province of Ontario that is given to the general hospitals of the province. The Dominion Government has been ap-

HALL—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

plied to for assistance, and it is believed can be depended upon to co-operate in what is in every sense a national enterprise of the first importance.*

A sympathetic writer in the Toronto Globe says :

"There is probably scarcely a reader who does not know of homes where the existence of such an institution would establish hope where now there is nothing but despair. It is difficult to conceive of a more tragic fate than that of the bread-winner who sees the swift approach of death and yet knows that the destroyer could be vanquished had he but the means to carry him to where climatic conditions are favourable and enable him to remain there long enough to profit by the curative influences. The project is well worthy the consideration of the philanthropic and of the public bodies who will be asked to pecuniarily assist in the maintenance of patients."

Dr. E. L. Trudeau, Medical Superintendent of Saranac Sanitarium for Consumptive Patients in the Adirondacks, writes :

"I am very glad to hear of the

SIX-ROOMED COTTAGE—WINTER SCENE.

* Contributions sent to the treasurer, W. J. Gage, Esq., 54 Front St. West, Toronto. will be duly acknowledged. It is expected it will require about $7.00 per week to maintain a patient in the Consumptive Sanitarium. Of this amount the Government of Ontario will give $2.00, leaving $5.00 per week to be contributed by the patient.

$250.00 supplemented by Government Aid will be required for the support of a patient for a year.

$1,000 will build and furnish a cottage for two patients.

$1,500 to $2,000 will build and furnish a four-roomed cottage.

$2,500 to $3,000 will build and furnish a cottage for six patients, the largest it is proposed to erect.

$5,000 will, with the Government Aid, endow a bed, maintaining a patient for all time.

$11,000 will, with the Government Aid, build, furnish and endow a two-roomed cottage, maintaining two patients for all time.

$25,000 will, with the Government Aid, build, furnish and maintain for all time a cottage for four persons.

proposed establishment of a National Hospital for Consumptives in Canada. The practicability and usefulness of such institutions is no longer a matter of conjecture, but have been demonstrated by the results obtained during the past ten years at the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium and at the foreign institutions, and rest on the following facts :

1. The wide-spread prevalence and frightful mortality of pulmonary tuberculosis and its comparative curability in its earlier stages, our records showing about twenty to twenty-five per cent. of cures and twenty to thirty per cent. of arrests or improvements.

2. That the placing of consumptives in such institutions tends to diminish greatly the number of foci of infection in crowded centres of population, to restrict thereby the spread of the disease and to benefit public health.

3. That the treatment of patients in suitably equipped institutions in a good climate, where a fair proportion of them can be benefited or cured, is no more expensive than in the wards of a general hospital where they all die and are a source of danger to others."

WM. CHRISTIE COTTAGE—WINTER SCENE.

We pause beside this door :
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in? . . .
The footsteps of a Child
Sound close beside us. Listen, He will speak !
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,
Yet has He trod the world's press undefiled.
" Enter through Me," He saith, " nor wander more ;
For lo ! I am the Door."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

AN OUTSTATION IN WESTERN CHINA.

BY V. C. HART, D.D.,

Superintendent of Missions of the Methodist Church in West China.

COURTYARD OF INN, WESTERN CHINA.

China may not be as new and bright as some other countries, but, I venture to say, she exhibits as many quaint and marvellous features as the most attractive land upon the round world. If you do not think so, please come with me to our new outstation at Omei, a quiet city nestling in a fertile plain near the foot-hills of the great Mount Omei. The mountain now wears her winter white robes, and streams of snow water rush along the deep street gutters, to find the paddy fields far beyond the city walls.

There are not many lands where the people would make more use of such tiny streams. The ducks and geese swim in them. The little urchins wade in them, and sail toy boats to their great amusement. The turnips and cabbages are washed in them, buckets of filth are emptied into them, clothes are washed in them, and lastly, coolies carry hundreds of buckets hourly to the tea-shops and houses to brew fragrant tea and steam rice.

Mrs. Hart and I, after twenty five miles' ride in sedan chairs, entered the east gate just before nightfall, and took lodgings in our newly rented house upon the main street, in the rear of a fashionable tea-shop. Our courtyard was not the pink of neatness, nor as fragrant as the clover patch. There were no rose bushes in bloom, but an unleafed grape-vine was fast rooted to our roof.

There was a patch of gray cloud spread out over the most of the heavens in view, and a cold wind circulating freely through roof and wall—crevices of our new home.

It is wonderful what whitewash and red paint will do for an old tumble down Chinese house. We had the evidence before us and were happy. A charcoal fire was quickly made, and we soon had a good meal spread out upon our own washed table, and two happy people feasted in the heart of the city, unknown by the thousands about us.

The next day was market-day—always a gay day in West China. Every city and town is supposed to have a public market from ten to fifteen times each month, and as the cities and towns are not far apart, the people have exceptional advantages to dispose of everything the earth grows and the hand of man manufactures. About nine o'clock the peasants from hills and vales and mountain height come in groups toward the city gates, and by eleven o'clock nearly every prominent street is a veritable bazar. The din of myriad voices rises over the city and is heard half a mile beyond the city gates.

Every commodity known to this section, and some new and fantastic articles from beyond the seas, are arranged on either side of the streets. Here are minerals, cereals, leguminous plants, roots, chickens, ducks, eggs, pigs, fish, oranges, pears, charcoal, brushwood, straw, corn-husks, sandals, shoes, cotton cloth, white wax, ploughs, mulberry trees for planting, ruled silk, etc., all arranged in rows in front of their owners. Half the people are women and girls, gay and saucy, ready for any pranks not interfering with business.

Here an old woman sits over a basket of fresh eggs, consisting of half a dozen brought with much pride from the hills five miles away; a sturdy lass holds a squeaking black pig with a straw rope, and finds her charge a lively one until a purchaser drags the squealing nuisance away, pulled, punched, and kicked out of half a month's growth.

This is just the time to sell books and rub shoulders with the people, and no one has enjoyed the delights of missionary work unless he has pushed his way through a large town or city with his hands full of books and tracts, and run over half a dozen pigs, chickens, and waddling babies, and received a hundred inward imprecations from old women as the cause of unseemly hubbubs.

The day was cold and misty, but the mist and cold did not interfere with business. About ten o'clock the hum of voices was heard, and a little later I sallied forth with our cook for a canvass of the city. With calendars of two colours and tracts in abundance we walked leisurely through the crowds, holding up our precious merchandise and calling to everyone near and far to purchase. Talking here to a crowd of farmers, much to their amusement, there explaining calendars and tracts to shopmen. Some one purchases, now half a dozen conclude to venture, and my hands are all thumbs as the buyers thicken. One hand is filled to the uttermost with tracts, the other must select and hand out the ones sold and receive the brass coins and deposit them in my coat pocket and defend my calendars from assaults in the rear and sides, for well-behaved Chinamen are not above taking considerable liberties with things which do not exactly belong to them.

After two hours of this kind of work, with one side of my person weighted down with brass, I

struggle back to my lodgings hungry and weary.

The following day there was a market at Tsin Lung Chang, ten miles away, and both Mrs. Hart and I went. I cannot attempt anything like a description of the lovely views we caught of the wonderful mountain as we wended our way in a circuitous route over streams, by mighty banyans, through villages, and by ancient temples, ever looking up to the snowy peaks and clear outlined gorges. We had a good reception by the multitudes, and books were in great demand, and notwithstanding the streets were wet and my feet damp and cold, my part of the market was so lively that such small troubles were forgotten. Everybody was happy, and when I stood between the sedan poles and ate my lunch as it was handed to me by my faithful partner, the enthusiasm manifested was something extraordinary. Lunch over, I left Mrs. Hart again, and did a big business before it was time to retrace our steps.

The following day we journeyed forty li, or thirteen miles, to Ta-Ngo-Sz, an ancient monastery, 2,500 feet up the side of the mountain. Mrs. Hart had a sedan chair, but she had to walk so much of the way up that she declared she would make the whole journey next time on foot, and take two days for the ascent. I half surmise the coolies will be just as well pleased, for, I might as well say it now as some other time, the coolies declared she weighed 300 catties, which in plain English weight is 375 pounds. It was a libel, of course, but then she is pretty heavy.

We took the old abbot by surprise, but his beaming face declared plainly enough—"You are welcome." We made ourselves at home by taking the whole west end of the great temple. The old gentleman, who boasts the mature age of sixty-nine, prostrated himself before us both, first to myself, of course, then to Mrs. Hart, with thumbs spread wide and outstretched arms, he fell upon his knees, his silk robes, lined with fur, all in a heap, and bowed his mitered head at our feet. I found it rather hard on my part to be so humble for both of us. However, I bowed pretty low.

This ceremony over, with an whom he saw once three years ago, he ordered the humbler fraternity to bring in the great brazier, for it was cold, and make up the bed, insisting that we should have up the mosquito curtains. Of mosquitoes there had not one hummed to the smoking incense for half a year.

Hot water in a tiny brass pitcher, just enough for one cup of tea, was brought by the serving abbot. After wiping the cups with his sleeve, he pulled out a package from his bosom, from which, when unrolled, dropped two wads of Yun Nan coarse tea. With one wad he made me a cup of yellow liquid, then he proceeded to do the hospitable thing for Mrs. Hart. Her wad by accident fell into the ashes, but he was kind and wiped it well with his withered hand and an old rag, which had done good service. I sipped mine with great gusto, and with sufficient noise that both he and Mrs. Hart could hear, giving a side glance to her to see how she liked the mixture he was now making for her. Hers was well brewed, and with great politeness handed to her by the grand old man. He went out just then, and to my chagrin Mrs. Hart poured deliberately that beautiful cup of tea into the ashes. Women are so queer and finikin.

We stopped for two days and enjoyed the abbot's hospitality.

He lives a very quiet life, surrounded by a few young priests and novitiates. Streams of pilgrims come and go, representing the whole empire, and a few from Corea, Japan and Thibet.

The old man, in addition to serving the gods and waiting upon pilgrims, deals out no end of medicinal compounds to the people living upon the temple estate, and there are hundreds of them. earnest inquiry after our daughter, The temple lands take in several miles in circumference.

The old man seemed very anxious for us to make our home with him during the hot months, and as an inducement he said he would have plenty of vegetables in the garden and good corn meal for porridge. Once or twice he referred to the wonderful efficiency of the waters of the bubbling spring near the temple, which the priests call spiritual water, or water of the gods. He claimed that it could prolong life and do marvellous cures.

He said he really believed that if I would come every year during the hot season I would live to be a hundred years old, and that he expected to live to be ninety years old himself. "How fine it would be to return to your own country at the age of a hundred," he said. I have no doubt the Missionary Society would look favourably upon any simple measure that would preclude the necessity of a furlough for forty or fifty years. It might be worth trying.

We had a splendid visit, and enjoyed communion with nature, mountains and streams, mammoth trees and dense forests, and from the temple front one of the grandest outlooks to be found in West China. I often thought of the Scotchman who spent a few moments of each day before the mountains unhooded in adoration of nature.

By the way, what wonderful memories blind men have! As we took lunch in a temple court on our ascent, a blind man came in and stood by a pillar. Hearing me talk to the waiting priest, he quickly asked my name. "Ah!" he said, "you were at Wan-Nien monastery eleven years ago, were you not?" It was so, and the then blind boy now hears my voice after such a lapse of time and knew me.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The long, straight line of the highway,
  The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
  The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
  Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
  Alighting at the inn.

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
  White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,—
  All was a dream to me.

And there the Alhambra still recalls
  Aladdin's Palace of delight;
Allah Il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls
The Darro darts beneath its walls.
  The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
  And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow;
And wafts of air toss to and fro
  The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
  The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parting lips are breathing still
  The last sigh of the Moor.

SOME OF THE RESOURCES OF CANADA.*

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

Last summer I received from the Toronto organizing committee the invitation to come out to Canada with the British Association. After the meeting of the British Association was over a most instructive trip was organized by the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to Vancouver, and I had the privilege of belonging to the party of geologists and geographers who went out, and stopped to visit the main points of interest, under the guidance of the best two authorities in the geology and geography of Canada. Dr. G. Dawson, the Director of the Geographical Survey, who knows that part of the Rocky Mountains and the coast ranges as his own garden, and Professor Coleman, who is equally well acquainted with the mining regions of Central Canada, conducted our party, all possible arrangements having been made by local committees to enable us to see the most of the country and its resources during our stops on the route.

The traveller who would land in Russia on the coast of the Baltic Sea, and proceed eastwards through Northern Middle Russia, across the hilly and mining regions of the middle Urals, over the vast prairies and plains of Southern Siberia, and finally across the highlands and the plateau in Eastern Siberia, would meet with exactly the same types of geographical regions, in the very same succession, as those which he meets with in crossing North America under the fiftieth degree of latitude, but in the opposite direction.

As we entered Winnipeg, on the boundless low prairies of Manitoba, the illusion was complete. I might as well believe myself entering the low "black-earth" prairies of South Tobolsk at the foot of the Urals. The same general aspect, same soil, same desiccating lakes, same character of climate, same position with regard to the highlands, and, very probably, same lacustrine origin in both cases.

Further on, as the train rolled westwards, and, after having gently climbed over an escarpment, crossed the higher, sub-arid "rolling prairie"—we should call it Steppe in Siberia—I could easily imagine myself amidst the higher level Steppes which the Siberian railway enters beyond Tomsk. The "barren lands" in the far north of Canada, which are similar in all respects to the sub-tundras and tundras of Siberia, and the deserts of the American plateau in the south, which correspond to the deserts of Mongolia, complete the analogy.

Finally comes the belt of parallel mountain ranges—the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks, the Golden Range, and the Coast Range, with elevated plateaus lodged between them; and here again the analogy with the East Asian plateau and the parallel ranges of mountains which rise above its surface is nearly complete.

What a variety of landscapes, and what a number of distinct geographical regions are embodied in Canada, is already evident from what has just been said. The maritime provinces of the Atlantic border; the woody regions of the St. Lawrence river, with their extremely interesting

* Abridged from *The Nineteenth Century*.

French population, which maintains its language and national features amidst quite different surroundings; the settled and cultivated hills and plains of Ontario, with their thoroughly British population, and the Ontario "peninsula," which penetrates between the lakes Huron and Erie as far south as the latitude of Rome, and supplies Canada with southern fruit; the mining region of the Laurentian plateau in West Ontario; the boundless prairies, with their Indian population, slowly dying out as a mute reproach to our present civilization; the plateau and the coast ranges, with their infinite variety of valleys and canyons, ragged peaks and elevated plateaus—such are, then, the main geographical divisions of that immense country which covers nearly one-half of the North American continent. And then come: the great peninsula of Labrador—the Scandinavia of America; the "barren lands" of the far north, the fur emporium of the Northwest; and the Yukon district, which now spreads the gold fever in both hemispheres. Each of them is a world in itself; each has its history, full of dramatic events; each offers certain peculiarities in the character of its population, which are apparent even on a cursory inspection. Each of them is full of interest. However, of all these regions one interested me more than the others, and to it I will devote the following pages. I mean Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. It is quite young yet; twenty-seven years ago it was almost unknown to geographers. It is full of potentialities, and, for me at least, there was a certain charm in studying a part of the world where men can still find a relatively free soil.

Although Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are often spoken of as a whole, containing so many hundred millions of acres fit for agriculture, the great continental plain covered by these provinces is not uniform at all. The most fertile and the easiest cultivable part of the great plain is its lowest, south-eastern portion, i.e., the valley of the Red River. It runs from the United States border (North Dakota) to the lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg, and represents the bottom of a glacial or post-glacial lake, now desiccated, to which American geologists gave the name of "Lake Agassiz." It is only eight hundred feet above the sea.

That South-eastern Manitoba is admirably well suited for wheat-growing, and that Manitoba wheat is one of the best in the world, has been fully proved by experience. Every year no less than one million acres are sown with wheat, and half as much more with oats and barley. From fifteen to seventeen million bushels of wheat—the annual bread-food of two million people—are thus grown in Manitoba.

It is worthy of note that, although the hundreds of square miles of wheat-fields which one sees in Manitoba are very impressive, the small fields of the small farmers of Ontario, cleared from under the forest and possessed of a slightly greater fertility, produce every year even more wheat than Manitoba, and nearly three times as much of all cereals taken together, to say nothing of the large root crops which make of Ontario the chief dairy province of Canada.

When I travelled over this stretch of the prairies last autumn, the crop was already in, and threshing began. All the day long streaks of smoke from the threshing engines could be seen in all directions; and when night came immense fires began to rise

on all points of the compass. It was straw that was burnt on the spot after threshing was done. Everywhere farmers were carrying their heavy waggonloads of wheat to the elevators, and the prices being high (up to eighty cents, i.e., 3s. 4d., per bushel), the population was in high spirits: the debts could be paid, and perhaps some more land could be bought for the rapidly growing young generation.

A number of different nationalities have settled side by side in Manitoba. There is a large Scotch colony at Deloraine; there are Germans, Galicians, Icelanders, and Russians; and there is a considerable number of Mennonites, originally Dutch, who came to Canada from South-east Russia in 1874-78.

Mennonites prosper everywhere. They were prosperous in Russia, and they prosper in Canada. If they are compelled to emigrate, they send first their delegates, who select the best spots—so they did in Manitoba; and they emigrate in whole villages. They settled in Canada on the distinct understanding that they should receive the land in a block, and be left entirely to themselves; otherwise, they would have gone to the States, to South America, or even to Greenland, to join the Moravian Brothers. They settled in villages, and in these villages they maintain the institutions of mutual support and peace, which they consider to be the essence of Christian religion—a practice for which they have been persecuted for three centuries in succession by Christian Churches and States.

On approaching a Mennonite village, one is at once transported to Russia. After some stay in Russia, the Mennonites adopted the institutions of the Russian village community, slightly modified, and they have transported them to Canada. Their villages consist of broad streets, bordered by houses, each of which is surrounded by young trees. Behind each house is a plot of manured land given to a sunflower plantation (it is usually given to hemp in Central Russia). Then the village has a large common, well fenced, to keep the cattle; and beyond the fence lie the fields, divided into strips allotted to each family in proportion to its working capacities. The community's cattle is kept on the common, or on the common meadow, or on fallow land, under the watch of the communal shepherd. It was the same—one knows—in many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, at the end of the last century and partly at the beginning of the present century; the balks which used to mark the strips are still visible in several parts of this country.

The unanimous testimony of all Canadians is that the Mennonites are the wealthiest settlers in the neighbourhood. Their houses are spacious, and have an air of homeliness which is often missing in other hamlets; there are more trees in their villages than in all the surrounding prairie, and these plantations protect the houses and the yards from the snowdrifts. There are no signs of poverty, although the Mennonite population has multiplied in twenty years out of every reasonable proportion. They proceed as they proceeded in Russia—namely, a special communal fund is reserved for buying more land, when need is felt.

It is a remarkable fact that amidst that capitalist civilization some twenty thousand men should continue to live, and to thrive, under a system of partial communism and passive resistance to the State which they have maintained for more than three hundred years against all persecutions.

Co-operative dairying in Canada

offers so much interest that I must stop to say a few words about it. Canada is sometimes spoken of in this country as a granary and a meat store of Britain; but such a statement is quite misleading. Of the immense quantities of wheat and flour that are imported into Britain, Canada supplies less than one-thirtieth part; and one-twenty-fifth part only of the dressed meat that reaches these shores is of Canadian origin; and only to the imports of live animals, which are not very great, she contributes one-fifth part. The average wheat-crop of Canada for the years 1891-96, as given in The Official Handbook of Canada, was 51,-300,000 bushels, while the population, which attains nearly five millions, requires for its own food (at the usual ratio of eight and a half bushels per head of population) more than 40,000,000 bushels. The disposable surplus would thus cover but a very small portion of the average 141,600,000 bushels of wheat which are imported into this country (average for the years 1895 and 1896). Out of the nearly 17,000,000 British who live on imported wheat, Canada could provide less than 2,000,000.

Quite the reverse is seen for cheese. Thirty years ago cheese was imported into Canada, but now Canada supplies nearly three-fourths of all cheese that is imported into this country; and the result is entirely due to the rapid extension which co-operative cheese factories have lately taken in Canada. There are 800 such institutions in Ontario alone, and ninety-seven per cent. of all the cheese that is made in the Dominion is fabricated in co-operative cheese factories. Butter, on the contrary, is chiefly made in the farmers' houses (only three per cent. of it is prepared in co-operative creameries), and this is why it is slow in finding a market in Europe.

This necessity of having some money for the start, coupled with a fear of the cold Canadian winter, must have been the chief reason why the colonization of the North-west was so slow—so much slower, at any rate, than was expected twenty years ago. The climate of Canada is certainly very healthy—a dry cold winter, with plenty of snow, being evidently preferable to the cold and moist winter of, let us say, Scotland. Russians would find it most enjoyable, the more so as the autumn lasts longer and is more beautiful than in Middle Russia.

The dominant impression which Canada has left upon the members of the British Association is certainly one of vastness, of immensity, of unfathomable resources. Millions and millions of men could find their living in all parts of the country, and after a number of years of hard pioneer work they could find well-being. "More farmers" is therefore the general outcry in Canada; and, in fact, in every province, there is no end of land which only waits for men's labour and enterprise to be covered with corn-fields or orchards.

GUIDED.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go;
That doors are opened, ways are made;
Burdens are lifted, or are laid
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil.
Not as I will.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE S. PAYSON.

The Anglo-Saxon race is the most prolific on earth. Its colonization is unequalled for numbers, for loyalty, and for promise of development. Statistics in the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1895 show that it owns to-day three-tenths of the earth's surface, rules one-fourth of its entire population, raises more than two-thirds of all the wheat grown by mankind, and has in its shipping not far from two-thirds of the world's tonnage. As to fighting on sea, the combined navies of France, Germany, Russia and Italy hardly equal in effectiveness that of Great Britain alone, while the United States is taking great strides towards the position of a first-class naval power. The history of this race, its genius for government, its enterprise, and its devotion to civil and religious liberty, fit it for the noblest destiny.

But there are perils in the way, the chief of which spring from its own nature. Its aggressive spirit riots, through centuries of development, in savage cruelty and piratical violence. Swagger and selfishness have marred its growth. Its political life to-day incorporates enough of the spirit of the Vikings and of the Heligoland pirates seriously to qualify the religion of Christ. Its methods of aggrandizement rest upon the deification of force. Fighting blood is in its veins. Its future domination or destruction depends upon its surrender to the Cross. The manliness of which the Anglo-Saxon boasts is not the manliness of Christ. The material gains to which he points with pride are not accompanied by a corresponding growth in honesty.

The education of Anglo-Saxon youth, particularly in the United States, is secular and not religious; vast portions of American children of school age are permitted to remain in ignorance of religion. In our language to-day may be found more than half a hundred Anglo-Saxon words which mean to give a flogging; which show what a wealth of thought and feeling the Anglo-Saxon race has lavished upon aggressive modes of life. Beastly drunkenness was a fault of its earlier history, more so than of its present. Aggressiveness is still its besetting sin. And unless this is transformed into the meekness of Christ it will ruin the race. First, it will secure its supremacy; then it will ruin it. Innate energy, stubborn courage, indomitable will, we inherit from Saxons and Danes; refinement and intellectual culture from Normans; but religious beliefs and Christian character have come to us through the missionaries of the Cross; and unless these last prevail over the taint of blood, the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race will be like that of all its distinguished predecessors. It will rise only to fall, and will leave merely a name among the world-wide rulers of mankind.

The development of the Angles was like that of the Saxons. Both were "Low German" tribes belonging to the Gothic race. That the Angles gave their names to the island may have been because theirs was the generic name for all the Saxon tribes; but, more probably, it was because they were the first low Germans in England to accept Christianity, and so to be referred to in the Latin literature of that date. An essential element in the Anglo-Saxon blood was derived from the Vikings;

and the law of primogeniture may be traced to these wild men of the sea, whose eldest sons lived in castles, but whose younger sons were pirates, and lived, died, and were buried in their pirate ships. If the laws of heredity are still in force, it may not be wondered at that the history of Great Britain for the past three hundred years has been a history of aggression and appropriation. The younger branch of the family in America has been too busy in occupying the territory which is wrested from the Indians to look beyond its own broad domains for conquest, but its history abundantly proves it to be a not degenerate stock. But the history of the Anglo-Saxons from the start has been a history of aggrandizement by force. Where it has waged one war for liberty and righteousness, it has waged ten wars for conquest or subjugation. And so it will be to the end of the chapter, unless the grace of God intervenes and eradicates this tendency.

Two centuries ago the Anglo-Saxons numbered 3,000,000. One century ago they numbered 17,000,000. To-day they number 119,000,000—thirty-eight in Great Britain, nineteen in its colonies, and sixty-two in the United States. This 119,000,000 rule 36,000,000 in the protectorates and dependencies of the British Empire, besides 300,000,000 in India, making in all more than 400,000,000, or more than one-fourth of the estimated population of the globe.

Its shipping is five-eighths of the tonnage of all nations, so that it can carry its own cereal products to any of the family the world over. And if navies are needed to defend them, the combined navies of Great Britain and the United States are even now a match for any foes that could be massed against them.

The English language, as already indicated, is an important factor. It is easily learned. It is closely allied to the German and Scandinavian. It has a large proportion of Latin elements. It is comparatively free from inflections. It is recorded of Professor John A. Weisse that until thirty years of age he was an ardent hater of the English language, and that he undertook the thorough study of it in order to demonstrate its inferiority to German; but his candour compelled him to admit that "it contains the cream and essence of its predecessors; its grammar is simpler, and its literary records more consecutive and complete." "In richness," says Professor Jacob Grimm, an enthusiastic admirer of his native German, "in compact adjustment of its parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can compare with English." Professor Candolle, of Geneva, estimates that in one hundred years English will be spoken by 860,000,000 people, German by 124,000,000, and French by 96,000,000.

In this connection it should be noted that more than one-half of the letters mailed and carried by the postal system of the world are written, mailed, and read by the English-speaking populations of the globe. These peoples, too, distribute more than two-thirds of the Bibles and Testaments published. It may be justly claimed that the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race is the greatest and the purest. The highest results of scientific research are issued in popular forms, at prices which bring them readily within reach of all. The newspapers of the Anglo-Saxons are unequalled for abundance, cheapness, and excellence, to say nothing of enterprise, in which they are far and away the leaders.

The federation of the scattered Anglo-Saxons on the globe is not impossible. And if it could be

secured, it would prove an immense advantage to every interest of humanity.

The area of the earth's dry land is 50,500,000 square miles; the Anglo-Saxon race controls 14,835,701—nearly one-third.

The expansion of the race is surprising. In Great Britain alone, for two decades past, it has increased by 3,000,000 each decade. In the United States the population doubles every twenty-five years. At the beginning of this century 25,000,000 spoke French, 27,000,000 German, and 15,000,000 English; now 40,000,000 speak French, 57,000,000 German, and over 100,000,000 English. In other words, the number of those who speak French has increased during this century 60 per cent., German 110 per cent., and English more than 600 per cent.

The assimilating power of the race is marvellous. In 1890 the census returns made the foreign-born population of the United States contain 64 per cent. Teutonic, 22 per cent. Celtic, and 14 per cent. of all others; and the foreign-born was only one-seventh of the whole population. With 63,000,000 of people on 3,500,000 square miles of territory, we have 18 to the square mile. Germany has 236.7 to the square mile. When our population is as dense, we shall number 828,000,000. We can support more to the square mile than Germany can.

As to food, the United States and Canada last year raised 487,000,000 bushels of wheat, while all the rest of the world raised 890,000,000. Of this 890,000,000, Great Britain raised 58,000,000, India 238,000,000, Cape Colony 3,000,000, Australia 30,000,000—total, 329,000,000. The Anglo-Saxon race last year raised more than two-thirds of the wheat of the entire globe.

But the Anglo-Saxons need to be sanctified. The racial traits are still conspicuous. If Christianity does not use them in the interests of humanity, and curb and yoke them to the service of the meekness which most exalts the Prince of Peace, the English-speaking nations of the earth will have a temporary splendour, possibly a world-wide supremacy, and then will disappear from earth. If ever there was a sacred duty laid upon the followers of Christ, it is, by every possible influence and through every available opportunity, to seek to bind in one federation of humane and generous service of the weaker nations of the earth the scattered forces of this highly-favoured race, and to make this mighty federation a bulwark for righteousness and justice and honesty, and truth in all international relations the world over. Let there be a common citizenship for all English-speaking peoples, so that a man need only to change his residence to change also his citizenship, so long as he abides with Anglo-Saxons. Let extradition laws be reduced to what now obtains among our several States. Let postal unions and customs unions, and copyright and patent regulations which shall comprehend all English-speaking peoples, break down the barriers which now exist, and prepare the way for the closest possible federation of the Anglo-Saxon race and its dependencies. The time is propitious for such efforts. The opportunities are multiplying. And the present temper of both the English and the American branches of this great family, as they are represented in the most intelligent and thoughtful forces of the two nations, encourages the hope that the mission of the Anglo-Saxon may be not a selfish, but a generous mission for the benefit of the world.—Outlook.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

When the arrangements had been made between Virginia and Edward Norman, he found himself in possession of the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, exclusively his to use for the establishment of a Christian daily paper. When Virginia and Henry Maxwell had gone, Norman closed his door and, alone with the divine presence, asked like a child for help from his All-powerful Father. All through his prayer as he kneeled before his desk ran the promise, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Surely his prayer would be answered and the kingdom be advanced through this instrument of God's power, this mighty press which had become so largely degraded to the base uses of man's avarice and ambition.

Two months went by. They were full of action and results in the city of Raymond and especially in the First Church. In spite of the approaching heat of the summer season, the after-meeting of the disciples who had made the pledge to do as Jesus would do continued with enthusiasm and power. Gray had finished his work at the Rectangle, and an outward observer going through the place could not have seen any difference in the old conditions, although there was an actual change in hundreds of lives. But the saloons, dens, hovels, gambling houses, still ran, overflowing their vileness into the lives of fresh victims to take the place of those rescued by the evangelist. And the devil recruited his ranks very fast.

Henry Maxwell did not go abroad. Instead of that he took the money he had been saving for the trip and quietly arranged a summer vacation for a whole family living down in the Rectangle, who had never gone outside of the foul district of the tenement. The pastor of the First Church will never forget the week he spent with this family making the arrangements. He went down into the Rectangle one hot day when something of the terrible heat of the tenements was beginning to be felt and helped the family to the station, and then went with them to a beautiful spot on the coast where, in the home of a Christian woman, these bewildered city tenants breathed for the first time in years the cool salt air and felt blow about them the pine-scented fragrance of a new lease of life.

There was a sickly babe with the mother. Three other children, one a cripple. The father, who had been out of work until he had been, as he afterwards confessed to Maxwell, several times on the verge of suicide, sat with the baby in his arms during the journey, and when Maxwell started back to Raymond after seeing the family settled, the man held his hand at parting, and choked with his utterance, and finally broke down, to Maxwell's great confusion. The mother, a wearied, worn-out woman, who had lost three children the year before from a fever scourge in the Rectangle, sat by the car window all the way and drank in the delights of sea and sky and field. It was all a miracle to her. And Henry Maxwell coming back into Raymond at the end

of that week, feeling the scorching, sickening heat all the more because of his little taste of the ocean breezes, thanked God for the joy he had witnessed and entered upon his discipleship with a humble heart, knowing for almost the first time in his life this special kind of sacrifice. For never before had he denied himself his regular summer trip away from the heat of Raymond, whether he felt in any great need of rest or not.

"It is a fact," he said in reply to several inquiries on the part of his church, "I do not feel in need of a vacation this year. I am very well and prefer to stay here." It was with a feeling of relief that he succeeded in concealing from every one but his wife what he had done with this other family. He felt the need of doing anything of that sort without display or approval from others.

So the summer came on, and Henry Maxwell grew into larger knowledge of his Lord. The First Church was still swayed by the power of the Spirit. Maxwell marvelled at the continuance of His stay. He knew very well that from the beginning nothing but the Spirit's presence had kept the church from being torn asunder by this remarkable testing it had received of its discipleship. Even now there were many of the members among those who had not taken the pledge who regarded the whole movement as Mrs. Winslow did, in the nature of a fanatical interpretation of Christian duty, and looked for a return of the old normal condition. Meanwhile, the whole body of disciples was under the influence of the Spirit, and Henry Maxwell went his way that summer doing his parish work in great joy, keeping up his meetings with the railroad men as he had promised Alexander Powers, and daily growing into a better knowledge of the Master.

Early one evening in August, after a day of refreshing coolness following a long period of heat, Jasper Chase walked to the window of his room in the apartment house on the avenue and looked out.

On his desk lay a pile of manuscript. Since that evening when he had spoken to Rachel Winslow he had not met her. His singularly sensitive nature, sensitive to the point of irritability when he was thwarted, seemed to thrust him into an isolation that was intensified by his habits as an author.

All through the heat of the summer he had been writing. His book was nearly done now. He had thrown himself into its construction with a feverish strength that threatened at any moment to desert him and leave him helpless. He had not forgotten his pledge with the other church members at the First Church. It had forced itself upon his notice all through his writing and ever since Rachel had said "No" to him. He had asked a thousand times, "Would Jesus do this?" "Would He write this story?" It was a society novel written in a style that had proved popular. It had no purpose except to amuse. Its moral teaching was not bad, but neither was it Christian in any positive way. Jasper Chase knew that such a story would sell. He was conscious of powers in his way that the social world petted and admired. What would Jesus do? The question obtruded on him at the most inopportune times. He became irascible over it. The standard of Jesus as an author was too ideal. Of course Jesus would use His powers to produce something useful, or helpful, or with a purpose. What was he, Jasper Chase, writing this novel for? Why, what nearly every writer wrote for, namely, money and fame as a writer. There was

no secret with him that he was writing this new story, with that object. He was not poor and so had no temptation to write for money. But he was urged on by his desire for fame as much as anything. He must write this kind of matter. But what would Jesus do? The question plagued him even more than Rachel's refusal. Was he going to break his promise?

As he stood at the window Rollin Page came out of the club house just opposite. Jasper noted his handsome face and noble figure as he started down the street. He went back to his desk and turned over some papers there. Then he returned to the window. Rollin was walking down past the block and Rachel Winslow was walking beside him. Rollin must have overtaken her as she was coming from Virginia's that afternoon.

Jasper watched the two figures until they disappeared in the crowd on the walk. Then he turned to his desk and began to write. When he had finished the last page of the last chapter of his book, it was nearly dark. What would Jesus do? He had finally answered the question by denying his Lord. It grew darker in Jasper's room. He had deliberately chosen his course, urged on by his disappointment and loss.

"But Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER VIII.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

When Rollin started down the street that afternoon that Jasper stood looking out of his window, he was not thinking of Rachel Winslow and did not expect to see her anywhere. He had come suddenly upon her as she turned into the avenue and his heart had leaped up at the sight of her. He walked along by her now, rejoicing after all in a little moment of this earthly love he could not drive out of his life.

"I have just been over to see Virginia," said Rachel. "She tells me the arrangements are nearly completed for the transfer of the Rectangle property."

"Yes. It has been a tedious case in the courts. Did Virginia show you all the plans and specifications for buildings?"

"We looked over a good many. It is astonishing to me where Virginia has managed to get all her ideas about this work."

"Virginia knows more now about Arnold Toynbee and East End London and Institutional Church work in America than a good many professional slum workers. She has been spending nearly all summer getting information." Rollin was beginning to feel more at ease as they talked over this coming work for humanity. It was safe common ground.

"What have you been doing all summer? I have not seen much of you," Rachel suddenly asked, and then her face warmed with its quick flush of tropical colour as if she might have implied too much interest in Rollin or too much regret at not seeing him oftener.

"I have been busy," replied Rollin briefly.

"Tell me something about it," persisted Rachel. "You say so little. Have I a right to ask?"

She put the question very frankly, turning towards Rollin in real earnest.

"Yes, certainly," he replied with a grateful smile. "I am not so certain that I can tell you much. I have been trying to find some way to reach the men I once knew and win them into more useful lives."

He stopped suddenly as if he were almost afraid to go on. Rachel did not venture to suggest anything.

"I have been a member of the same company to which you and Virginia belong," continued Rollin, beginning again. "I have made the pledge to do as I believe Jesus would do, and it is in trying to answer this question that I have been doing my work."

"That is what I do not understand. Virginia told me about the other. It seems wonderful to think that you are trying to keep that pledge with us. But what can you do with the club men?"

"You have asked me a direct question and I shall have to answer it now," replied Rollin smiling again. "You see I asked myself after that night at the tent, you remember," (he spoke hurriedly and his voice trembled a little), "what purpose I could now have in my life to redeem it, to satisfy my thought of Christian discipleship. And the more I thought of it, the more I was driven to a place where I knew I must take up this cross. Did you ever think that of all the neglected beings in our social system none are quite so completely left alone as the fast young men who fill the clubs and waste their time and money as I used to? The churches look after the poor, miserable creatures like those in the Rectangle, they make some effort to reach the working men, they have a large constituency among the average salary-earning people, they send money and missionaries to the foreign heathen, but the fashionable, dissipated young men around town, the club men, are left out of all plans for reaching and Christianizing. And yet no class of people needs it more. I said to myself, 'I know these men, their good and bad qualities. I have been one of them. I am not fitted to reach the Rectangle people. I do not know how. But I think I could possibly reach some of these young men and boys who have money and time to spend.' So that is what I have been trying to do. When I asked as you did, 'What would Jesus do?' that was my answer. It has been also my cross."

Rollin's voice was so low on the last sentence that Rachel had difficulty in hearing him above the noise around them. But she knew what he had said. She wanted to ask what his methods were. But she did not know just how to ask him. Her interest in his plans was larger than mere curiosity. Rollin Page was so different now from the fashionable young man who had asked her to be his wife, that she could not help thinking of him and talking with him as if he were entirely a new acquaintance.

They had turned off the avenue and were going up the street to Rachel's home. It was the same street where Rollin had asked Rachel why she could not love him. They were both stricken by a sudden shyness as they went on. Rachel had not forgotten that day and Rollin could not. She finally broke a long silence by asking him what she had not found words for before.

"In your work for the club men, with your old acquaintances, what sort of reception do they give you? How do you approach them? What do they say?"

Rollin was silent when Rachel spoke. He answered after a moment.

"Oh, it depends on the man. A good many of them think I am a crank. I have kept my membership up and am in good standing in that way. I try to be wise and not provoke any unnecessary criticism. But you would be surprised to know how many of the men have responded to my appeal. I could hardly make you believe that,

only a few nights ago, a dozen men became honestly and earnestly engaged in a conversation over religious questions. I have had the great joy of seeing some of the men give up bad habits and begin a new life. 'What would Jesus do?' I keep asking it. The answer comes slowly, for I am feeling my way along. One thing I have found out. The men are not fighting shy of me. I think that is a good sign. Another thing: I have actually interested some of them in the Rectangle work, and when it is started up they will give something to help make it more powerful. And in addition to all the rest, I have found a way to save some of the young fellows from going to the bad in gambling."

Rollin spoke with enthusiasm. His face was transformed by his interest in the subject which had now become a part of his real life. Rachel again noted the strong, manly, healthful tone of his speech. With it all she knew was a deep, underlying seriousness which felt the burden of the cross even while carrying it with joy. The next time she spoke it was with a swift feeling of justice due to Rollin and his new life.

"Do you remember I reproached you once for not having any purpose worth living for?" she asked, while her beautiful face seemed to Rollin more beautiful than ever when he had won sufficient self-control to look up. "I want to say, I feel the need of saying in justice to you now, that I honour you for your courage and your obedience to your promise. The life you are living now is a very noble one."

Rollin trembled. His agitation was greater than he could control. Rachel could not help seeing it. They walked along in silence. At last Rollin said, "I thank you. It has been more than I can tell to hear you say that." He looked into her face for one moment. She read his love for her in that look. But he did not speak.

When they separated, Rachel went into the house and, sitting down in her room, she put her face in her hands and said to herself, "I am beginning to know what it means to be loved by a noble man. I shall love Rollin Page after all. What am I saying! Rachel Winslow, have you forgotten—"

She rose and walked back and forth. She was deeply moved. Nevertheless, it was evident to herself that her emotion was not that of regret or sorrow. Somehow a glad, new joy had come to her. She had entered another circle of experience, and later in the day she rejoiced with a very strong and sincere gladness that her Christian discipleship found room for this crisis in her feeling. It was indeed a part of it, for if she were beginning to love Rollin Page, it was the Christian man who had won her heart. The other never would have moved her to this great change.

And Rollin, as he went back, treasured a hope that had been a stranger to him since Rachel had said "No" that day. In that hope he went on with his new work as the days sped on, and at no time was he more successful in reaching and saving his old acquaintances than in the time that followed that chance meeting with Rachel Winslow.

The summer had gone and Raymond was once more facing the rigour of her winter season. Virginia had been able to accomplish a part of her plan for "capturing the Rectangle," as she called it. But the building of houses in the field, the transforming of its bleak, bare aspect into an attractive park, all of which was included in her plan, was a work too large to be completed that fall after she had

secured the property. But a million dollars in the hands of a person who really wants to do with it as Jesus would, ought to accomplish wonders for humanity in a short time, and Henry Maxwell, going over to the scene of the new work one day after a noon hour with the shop men, was amazed to see how much had been done outwardly.

Yet he walked home thoughtfully, and on his way he could not avoid the question of the continual problem thrust into his notice by the saloon. How much had been done for the Rectangle after all? Even counting in Virginia's and Rachel's work and Mr. Gray's, where had it actually counted in any visible quantity? Of course, he said to himself that the redemptive work begun and carried on by the Holy Spirit in His wonderful displays of power in the First Church and in the tent meetings had had its effect on the life of Raymond. But as he walked past saloon after saloon and noted the crowds going in and coming out of them, as he saw the wretched dens, as many as ever apparently, as he caught the brutality and squalor and open misery and degradation on countless faces of men and women and children, he sickened at the sight. He found himself asking, how much cleansing would even a million dollars poured into this cesspool accomplish? Was not the living source of nearly all the human misery they sought to relieve untouched, as long as these saloons did their deadly but legitimate work? What could even such unselfish Christian discipleship as Virginia's and Rachel's do to lessen the stream of vice, so long as the great spring of vice and crime flowed as deep and strong as ever? Was it not a practical waste of beautiful lives for these young women to throw themselves into this earthly hell, when for every soul rescued by their sacrifice the saloon made two more that needed rescue?

He could not escape the question. It was the same that Virginia had put to Rachel in her statement that, in her opinion, nothing really would ever be done until the saloon was taken out of the Rectangle. Henry Maxwell went back to his parish work that afternoon with added convictions on the license business.

But if the saloon were a factor in the problem of the life of Raymon, no less was the First Church and its little company of disciples who had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do. Henry Maxwell, standing at the very centre of the movement, was not in a position to judge of its power as some one from the outside might have done. But Raymond itself felt the touch of this new discipleship and was changed in very many ways, not knowing all the reasons for the change.

The winter had gone and the year was ended, the year which Henry Maxwell had fixed as the time during which the pledge should be kept to do as Jesus would do. Sunday, the anniversary of that one a year ago, was in many ways the most remarkable day the First Church ever knew. It was more important than the disciples in the First Church realized. The year had made history so fast and so serious that the people were not yet able to grasp its significance. And the day itself which marked the completion of a whole year of such discipleship was characterized by such revelations and confessions that the immediate actors in the events themselves could not understand the value of what had been done, or the relation of their trial to the rest of the churches and cities in the country.

It happened that the week be-

fore that anniversary Sunday, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., of the Nazareth Avenue Church, Chicago, was in Raymond, where he had come on a visit to some old friends and incidentally to see his old seminary classmate, Henry Maxwell. He was present at the First Church and was an exceedingly attentive and interested spectator. His account of events in Raymond and especially of that Sunday may throw more light on the entire situation than any description or record from other sources. Dr. Bruce's statement is therefore here given.

[Letter from Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., of the Nazareth Avenue Church, Chicago, to Rev. Philip S. Caxton, D.D., New York City.]

"My dear Caxton:

"It is late Sunday night, but I am so intensely awake and so overflowing with what I have seen and heard that I feel driven to write you now some account of the situation in Raymond, as I have been studying it and as it has apparently come to a climax to-day. So this is my only excuse for writing so extended a letter at this time.

"You remember Henry Maxwell in the Seminary. I think you said, the last time I visited you in New York, that you had not seen him since we graduated. He was a refined scholarly fellow, you remember, and when he was called to the First Church at Raymond within a year after leaving the Seminary, I said to my wife, 'Raymond, has made a good choice. Maxwell will satisfy them as a sermonizer.' He has been here eleven years, and I understand that up to a year ago he had gone on in the regular course of the ministry, giving good satisfaction and drawing a good congregation to his morning preaching service. His church was counted the largest, most wealthy church in Raymond. All the best people attended it, and most of them belonged. The quartette choir was famous for its music, especially for its soprano, Miss Winslow, of whom I shall have more to say; and on the whole, as I understand the facts, Maxwell was in a comfortable berth, with a very good salary, pleasant surroundings, not a very exacting parish of refined, rich, respectable people—such a church and parish as nearly all the young men in the Seminary in our time looked forward to as very desirable.

"But a year ago to-day, Maxwell came into his church on Sunday morning, and at the close of his service made the astounding proposition that the members of his church volunteer for a year not to do anything without first asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' and, after answering it, to do what in their honest judgment He would do, regardless of what the result might be to them.

"The effect of this proposition, as it has been met and obeyed by a number of the members of the First Church of Raymond, has been so remarkable, that as you know, the attention of the whole country has been directed to the movement. I call it a 'movement' because, from the action taken to-day, it seems probable that what has been tried here in the First Church in Raymond will reach out into the other churches and cause a revolution in church methods, but more especially in a new definition of Christian discipleship.

"In the first place, Maxwell tells me he was astonished at the response made to his proposition. Some of the most prominent members in the church made the promise to do as Jesus would. Among them were Edward Norman, the editor of the daily "News," which has made such a sensation in the newspaper world; Milton Wright, one of the leading merchants in Raymond; Alexander Powers, whose action in the matter of the railroads against the interstate commerce laws made such a stir about a year ago; Miss Page, one of Raymond's leading society heiresses, who has lately dedicated her entire fortune, as I understand, to the Christian daily paper and the work of reform in the slum district known as the Rectangle; and Miss Winslow, whose reputation as a singer is now national, but who in obedience to what she has decided to be Jesus' probable action, has devoted her talent to volunteer work among the girls and women who make up a large part of the city's worst and most abandoned population.

"In addition to these well-known people there has been a gradually increasing number of Christians from the First Church and lately from other churches in Raymond. A large proportion of these volunteers who pledge themselves to do as Jesus would comes from the Endeavour Societies. The young people say that they have already embodied in their society pledge the same principle in the

words, 'I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would have me do.' This is not exactly what is included in Maxwell's proposition, which is that the disciples shall try to do what Jesus would probably do in the disciples' place. But the result of an honest obedience to either pledge, he claims, will be practically the same, and he is not surprised that the largest numbers have joined the new discipleship from the Endeavour Society.

"I am sure the first question you will ask is, 'What has been the result of this attempt? What has it accomplished, or how has it changed in any way the regular course of the church or the community?'

"You already know something, from reports of Raymond that have gone over the country, what the results have been. But one needs to come here and learn something of the changes in individual lives, and especially the change in the church life, to realize all that is meant by this following of Jesus' steps so literally. To tell all that, would be to write a long story or series of stories. I am not in a position to do that, but I can give you some idea, perhaps, of what has happened here from what has been told me by my friends and Henry Maxwell himself.

"The result of the pledge upon the First Church has been twofold. It has brought about a spirit of Christian fellowship which Maxwell tells me never before existed, and which now impresses him as being very nearly what the Christian fellowship of the apostolic churches must have been; and it has divided the church into two distinct groups of members. Those who have not taken the pledge regard the others as foolishly literal in their attempts to imitate the example of Jesus. Some of them have drawn out of the church and no longer attend, or they have removed their membership entirely to other churches. Some are an internal element of strife, and I heard rumours of an attempt on their part to force Maxwell's resignation. I do not know that this element is very strong in the church. It has been held in check by a wonderful continuance of spiritual power, which dates from the first Sunday the pledge was taken a year ago, and also by the fact that so many of the most prominent members have been identified with the movement.

"The effect on Henry Maxwell is very marked. I heard him preach at our State Association four years ago. He impressed me at the time as having considerable power in dramatic delivery, of which he himself was somewhat conscious. His sermon was well written and abounded in what the Seminary students used to call 'fine passages.' The effect of it was what the average congregation would call pleasing. This morning I heard Maxwell preach again for the first time since then. I shall speak of that farther on. He is not the same man. He gave me the impression of one who has passed through a crisis of revolution. He tells me this revolution is simply a new definition of Christian discipleship. He certainly has changed many of his old views. His attitude on the saloon question is radically opposite to the one he entertained a year ago. And in his entire thought of his ministry, his pulpit and parish work, I find he has made a complete change. So far as I can understand, the idea that is moving him on now is the idea that the Christianity of our times must represent a more literal imitation of Jesus, and especially in the element of suffering. He quoted to me in the course of our conversation several times the verse from Peter: 'For hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow His steps'; and he seems filled with the conviction that what our churches need today more than anything else is this factor of suffering for Jesus in some form.

"I do not know that I agree with him altogether; but, my dear Caxton, it is certainly astonishing to note the results of this idea as they have impressed themselves upon this city and this church.

"You ask how about the results on the individuals who have made the pledge and honestly tried to be true to it. Those results are, as I have said, a part of individual history and cannot be told in detail. Some of them I can give you so that you may see that this form of discipleship is not merely sentiment or fine posing for effect.

"For instance, take the case of Alexander Powers who was Superintendent of the Machine Shops of the L. and T. R. R. here. When he acted upon the evidence that incriminated the road, he lost his position and, more than that, I learn from my friends here, his family and social relations have become so changed that the family no longer appear in public. They have dropped out of the social circle where once they were so prominent. By the way, Caxton, I understand in this connection that the Commission, for one reason and another, postponed action on this case, and it is now rumoured that the L. and T. R. R. will pass into a receiver's hands very soon. The President of the

road, who, according to the evidence submitted by Powers, was the principal offender, has resigned, and complications which have arisen since point to the receivership. Meanwhile, the Superintendent has gone back to his old work as a telegraph operator. I met him at the church yesterday. He impressed me as a man who had, like Maxwell, gone through a crisis in character. I could not help thinking of him as being good material for the church of the first century when the disciples had all things in common.

"Or take the case of Mr. Norman, editor of the daily 'News.' He risked his entire fortune in obedience to what he believed was Jesus' probable action and revolutionized his entire conduct of the paper at the risk of a failure. I send you a copy of yesterday's paper. I want you to read it carefully. To my mind it is one of the most interesting and remarkable papers ever printed in the United States. It is open to criticism, but what could any mere man attempt in this line that would be free from criticism? Take it all in all, it is so far above the ordinary conception of a daily paper that I am amazed at the result. He tells me that the paper is beginning to be read more and more by the Christian people of the city. He is very confident of its final success.

"Read his editorial on the money question, also the one on the coming election in Raymond, when the question of license will again be an issue. Both articles are of the best from his point of view. He says he never begins an editorial or, in fact, any part of his newspaper work, without first asking, 'What would Jesus do?' The result is certainly apparent.

"Then there is Milton Wright, the merchant. He has, I am told, so revolutionized his business that no man is more beloved to-day in Raymond. His own clerks and employées have affection for him that is very touching. During the winter, while he was lying dangerously ill at his home, scores of clerks volunteered to watch or help in any possible way, and his return to his store was greeted with marked demonstrations. All this has been brought about by the element of personal love introduced into the business. This love is not mere words, but the business itself is carried on under a system of co-operation that is not a patronizing recognition of inferiors, but a real sharing in the entire business. Other men on the street look upon Milton Wright as odd. It is a fact, however, that while he has lost heavily in some directions, he has increased his business and is to-day respected and honoured as one of the best and most successful merchants in Raymond.

"And there is Miss Winslow. She has chosen to give her great talent to the poor and wretched of the city. Her plans include a Musical Institute where choruses and classes in vocal music shall be a feature. She is enthusiastic over her life-work. In connection with her friend Miss Page, she has planned a course in music which, if carried out, will certainly do much to lift up the lives of the people down there. I am not too old, my dear Caxton, to be interested in the romantic side of much that has also been tragic here in Raymond, and I must tell you that it is well understood here that Miss Winslow expects to be married this spring to a brother of Miss Page, who was once a society leader and club man, and who was converted in a tent where his wife that-is-to-be took an active part in the service. I don't know all the details of this little romance, but I can imagine there is a little story wrapped up in it, and it would be interesting reading if we only knew it all.

"These are only a few illustrations of results in individual lives owing to obedience to the pledge. I meant to have spoken of President Marsh of Lincoln College. He is a graduate of my alma mater, and I knew him slightly when I was in the senior year. He has taken an active part in the recent municipal agitation, and his influence in the city is regarded as a very large factor in the coming election. He impressed me, as did all the other disciples in this movement, as having fought out some hard questions and as having taken up some real burdens that have caused, and still do cause, that suffering of which Henry Maxwell speaks, a suffering that does not eliminate, but does appear to intensify a positive and practical joy.

"But I am prolonging this letter, possibly to your weariness. I am unable to avoid the feeling of fascination which my entire stay here has increased. I want to tell you something of the meeting in the First Church to-day.

"As I said, I heard Maxwell preach. At his earnest request I had preached for him the Sunday before, and this was the first time I had heard him since the Association four years ago. His sermon this morning was as different from his sermon then as if it had been thought out and preached by some one living on another planet. I was profoundly touched. I be-

lieve I actually shed tears once. Others in the congregation were moved like myself. His text was, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' And it was a most unusually impressive appeal to the Christians of Raymond to obey Jesus' teachings and follow in his steps regardless of what others might do. I cannot give you even the plan of the sermon. It would take too long. At the close of the service, there was the usual after-meeting that has become a regular feature of the First Church. Into this meeting have come all those who made the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and the time is spent in mutual fellowship, confession, questions as to what Jesus would do in special cases, and prayer that the one great guide of every disciple's conduct may be the Holy Spirit.

"Maxwell asked me to come into this meeting. Nothing in all my ministerial life, Caxton, has so moved me as that meeting. I never felt the Spirit's presence so powerfully. It was a meeting of reminiscences and of the most loving fellowship. I was irresistibly driven in thought back to the first years of Christianity. There was something about all this that was apostolic in its simplicity and Christian imitation.

"I asked questions. One that seemed to arouse more interest than any other was in regard to the extent of the Christian disciple's sacrifice of personal property. Henry Maxwell tells me that, so far, no one has interpreted the spirit of Jesus in such a way as to abandon his earthly possessions, give away all his wealth, or in any literal way imitate the Christians of the order, for example, of St. Francis of Assisi. It was the unanimous consent, however, that if any disciple should feel that Jesus in his own particular case would do that, there could be only one answer to the question. Maxwell frankly admitted that he was still, to a certain degree, uncertain as to Jesus' probable action when it came to the details of household living, the possession of wealth, the holding of certain luxuries. It is however, very evident, that very many of these disciples have repeatedly carried their obedience to Jesus to the extreme limit, regardless of financial loss. There is no lack of courage or consistency at this point. It is also true that some of the business men who took the pledge have lost great sums of money in this imitation of Jesus, and very many have, like Alexander Powers, lost valuable positions owing to the impossibility of doing what they had been accustomed to do and at the same time doing what they felt Jesus would do in the same place. In connection with these cases it is pleasant to record the fact that many who have suffered in this way have at once been helped financially by those who still have means. In this respect I think it is true that these disciples have all things in common. Certainly such scenes as I witnessed at the First Church at that after-service this morning I never saw in my church or any other. I never dreamed that such Christian fellowship could exist in this age of the world. I am almost incredulous as to the witness of my own senses. I still seem to be asking myself if this is the close of the nineteenth century in America.

"But now, dear friend, I come to the real cause of the letter, the real heart of the whole question as the First Church of Raymond has forced it upon me. Before the meeting closed to-day, steps were taken to secure the co-operation of all other Christian disciples in this country. I think Henry Maxwell took this step after long deliberation. He said as much to me one day when I called upon him and we were discussing the effect of this movement upon the Church in general.

"'Why,' he said, 'suppose that the Church membership generally in this country made this pledge and lived up to it! What a revolution it would cause in Christendom! But why not? Is it any more than the disciple ought to do? Has he followed Jesus unless he is willing to do this? Is the test of discipleship any less to-day than it was in Jesus' time?

"I do not know all that preceded or followed his thought of what ought to be done outside of Raymond, but the idea crystalized to-day in a plan to secure the fellowship of all the Christians in America. The churches through their pastors will be asked to form gatherings like the one in the First Church. Volunteers will be called for in the great body of Church members in the United States who will promise to do as Jesus would do. Maxwell spoke particularly of the result of such general action on the saloon question. He is terribly in earnest over this. He told me that there was no question in his mind that the saloon would be beaten in Raymond at the election now near at hand. If so, they could go on with some courage to do the redemptive work begun by the evangelist and now taken up by the disciples in his own church. If the saloon triumphs again, there will be a terrible and, as he thinks, unnecessary waste of Christian sacrifice. But however we differ on that point, he has convinced his church that the time has come

for a fellowship with other Christians. Surely, if the First Church could work such changes in society and its surroundings, the Church in general if combining such fellowship, not of creed but of conduct, ought to stir the entire nation to a higher life and a new conception of Christian following.

"This is a grand idea, Caxton, but right here is where I find myself hesitating. I do not deny that the Christian disciple ought to follow Christ's steps as closely as these here in Raymond have tried to do. But I cannot avoid asking what the result would be if I ask my church in Chicago to do it. I am writing this after feeling the solemn profound touch of the Spirit's presence, and I confess to you, old friend, that I cannot call up in my church a dozen prominent business or professional men who would make this trial at the risk of all that they hold dear. Can you do better in your church? What are we to say? That the church would not respond to the call, 'Come and suffer?' The actual results of the pledge as obeyed here in Raymond are enough to make any pastor tremble and, at the same time, long with yearning that they might occur in his own parish. Certainly, never have I seen a church so signally blessed by the Spirit as this one.

"But—am I myself ready to take this pledge? I ask the question honestly and I dread to face an honest answer. I know well enough that I would have to change very much in my life if I undertook to follow His steps so closely. I have called myself a Christian for many years. For the past ten years I have enjoyed a life that has comparatively little suffering in it. I am, honestly I say it, living at a long distance from municipal problems and the life of the poor, the degraded and the abandoned. What would the pledge demand of me? I hesitate to answer. My church is wealthy, full of well-to-do, satisfied people. The standard of their discipleship is, I am aware, not of a nature to respond to the call to suffering or personal loss. I say, 'I am aware.' I may be mistaken. I may have erred in not stirring their deeper life. Caxton, my friend, I have spoken my inmost thought to you. Shall I go back to my people next Sunday and stand up before them in my large city church and say, 'Let us follow Jesus closer. Let us walk in His steps where it will cost us something more than it is costing us now. Let us pledge not to do anything without first asking, 'What would Jesus do?' If I should go before them with that message it would be a strange and startling one to them. But why? Are we not really to follow Him all the way? What is it to be a follower of Jesus? What does it mean to imitate Him? What does it mean to walk in His steps?"

The Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., of the Nazareth Avenue Church, Chicago, let his pen fall on the paper. He had come to the parting of the ways, and his question, he felt sure, was the question of many and many a man in the ministry and in the church. He went to his window and opened it. He was oppressed with the weight of his convictions and he felt almost suffocated with the air of the room. He wanted to see the stars and feel the breath of the world.

The night was very still. The clock in the First Church was striking midnight. As it finished, a clear, strong voice down in the direction of the Rectangle came floating up to him as if borne on radiant pinions.

> "Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
> And all the world go free?
> No! there's a cross for every one,
> And there's a cross for me."

It was the voice of one of Gray's old converts, a night watchman at the packing houses, who sometimes solaced his lonesome hours by a verse or two from some familiar hymn.

The Rev. Calvin Bruce turned away from the window, and, after a little hesitation, he kneeled down. "What would Jesus do? What would Jesus do?" Never had he yielded himself so completely to the Spirit's searching revealing of Jesus. He was on his knees a long time. He retired and slept fitfully with many awakenings. He rose before it was clear dawn, and threw open his window again. As the light in the east grew stronger, he repeated to himself, "What would Jesus do? What would He do? Shall I follow His steps?"

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

That was indeed the fact. Knowing that the end of his investigations was already within sight, and realizing that nothing now could be risked by bringing Edward Trethyn to the rescue, Mr. Detective Carlyle was indeed hastening away with that end in view. But he had not to go far, for Edward, having heard of the explosion at the Manor House, careless of his own welfare, and indifferent to the danger he ran in thus exposing himself, had already set out in the direction of the mines, and Detective Carlyle met him in the way.

"I'm come to bring you," gasped the detective, on meeting him. "There's no practical man on the spot to direct the men, and the agent stands as helpless as a kitten."

In the excitement of the moment Edward had not thought of the agent, but now he asked:

"Does Stephen Grainger know I'm in Trethyn?"

"Don't know," replied the detective, running at his side, "but he'll know now, and there's no danger. I've got to the bottom almost of this long-standing mystery, and we've made one arrest already."

"Indeed!"

There was no further time for questioning, for they were now within hail of the pit. On they ran until they reached the fringes of the great crowd.

"Make way! Make way!" cried the detective, and instantly a path was made for the two men to pass through. As they sped through the crowd did any one know Edward Trethyn? Aye, scores of them, but for a time they could not believe their own eyes, and were paralyzed with astonishment. To the vast multitudes who thronged near the pit Edward Trethyn was a dead man, and to see this sudden apparition of him now urging his way through the dense mass of people was almost incredible to them. Startled and silent the people stood and watched him until he arrived at the pit's mouth, and it was only when his familiar voice cried out, "Who's gone down?" that they fully realized it was Edward Trethyn himself. Then, from the vast assembly burst one mighty cheer, which made the echoes fly from hill to hill. Many rushed forward as if they would have seized his hand, but others held them back, lest he should be for a moment frustrated from his purpose.

"Cage smashed?" he queried quickly of a dozen men around him.

"Smashed to atoms, sir," replied one of the men, "and the shaft be fearfully damaged."

"Who's down?"

"Seth Thomas, Rake Swinton, George Ford, and Big Bill."

"Descended by the loop hanging there?"

"Yes."

"Swing it over, then."

Another moment, Edward Trethyn, his feet placed in the loop, and his hands holding fast to the rope overhead, gave the signal to lower away. Then the rope strained and tightened, and down, down, down into the dark abyss, into what might be certain death, went brave Edward Trethyn, while a prayer rose from every heart in that vast crowd, and from the women tears of gratitude now began to flow.

Of all this Stephen Grainger had stood an amazed spectator, while the people simply ignored him. There was not a man in the crowd who, now Edward Trethyn had come back, thought one moment further of the agent. He was simply, for the present at all events, a nonentity to them, and the crowd rudely hustled him about as if he had been a part of itself, and all forgetful of the honour due to him. Angry at the slight thus paid to him, Stephen Grainger pushed his way through the crowd and over to where Detective Carlyle was standing.

"I shall hold you accountable for

the arrest of 'that man," he said, nodding towards the pit, and meaning Edward Trethyn.

"All right," exclaimed Detective Carlyle. "Meanwhile, can you not do something to assist in this work of rescue? The arrest can do afterwards. Let him do what he can now he's down, and, when it's all over, if you seek me out I'll promise you an arrest will be made"—with peculiar and significant emphasis upon the article—"or shall I seek you out?"

Stephen Grainger was amazed. To his thinking the detective spoke with extraordinary composure, and he could not understand it. But there was no opportunity for further parley, for, from the mine below, the signal had been given for hauling up, and the rope had already tightened with its living freight. Slowly, slowly, the long rope was wound, fold by fold, while every neck was craned to see what came up from the mine, and everyone stood hushed and still. Presently the top of a man's head became visible, then his shoulders, and the next moment Rake Swinton leapt on to the bank.

"More men be wanted below," he cried.

"I be one," "An' I be another," "An' I be another," shouted a score of voices.

"Locked lamps be needed, too," said Rake, and several men rushed to the store-room to obtain them.

"Much gas below, Rake?" asked some one.

"Place is choked with gas," he replied. "It'll be impossible for any man to remain down long together."

"Any hopes?" asked several together.

"Dunno yet," he answered; "the place is blocked up with the 'fall,' and there's not an inch of room for a man to crawl through into the mine. It'll take a full hour to clear the way. Bring picks and mandrils with you, men."

The news fell upon the ears of the throng like a doom, and despair seized the hearts of the people.

"What are your opinions on the subject?" asked the detective, drawing near to Rake.

Rake looked up and eyed his questioner a moment as if somewhat struck at seeing him there; but his mind's eye was taking a larger survey than observers could have suspected. He saw the people wrung with grief and penetrated with anxiety. He also discerned that his words had unwittingly added to their sorrow, and he at once spoke up loudly and reassuringly to the detective's question:

"My opinion? Well, I reckon there be plenty of chances for the safety of every man below if"—and now he hesitated as if he felt that he might be raising false hopes—"if the gas hasn't overtaken them."

"It's probable," said Rake, speaking yet aloud, "that when we get the fall clear away, and can get through, that we'll find every man safe. Such things often happen, so never despair, my comrades! And you women, cheer up! Depend upon it, we're doing our level best for those below."

Rake's words were met with a murmur of applause, as if everyone in the crowd wished to assure him that he was trusted. But scarcely anyone was deceived by his words. Old colliers shook their heads, and said to themselves that Rake was only practising an innocent deception for the women's sakes; and they, at least, feared the worst.

Down went Rake again into the mine, and down followed, in their turns, half a dozen other brave fellows after him.

"How many men are employed in this mine?" asked Detective Carlyle of a group of colliers who stood near him.

"How many, Bill?" asked one of the men, repeating the detective's question.

"Summat about two hunder," said Bill.

"That be," said his companion, "when they all be down."

"Aye, sure," said Bill.

"Then it's possible," queried the detective, "that there are less than two hundred down now?"

"I know there be," replied another man, "for Rake Swinton and Tom Phillips and Jack Lewis and me, as well as several others, happened not to go down the pit this morning."

"You work in this pit, then?" asked the detective.

"Yes, when he be not drinkin'," some one answered for the man.

"It's a mercy," exclaimed the detective, "that you didn't go down this morning! What an awful fate you have escaped!"

Speculation now began to be rife amonst the crowd as to the cause of the explosion.

"Fire," said one of the men, in the hearing of Detective Carlyle; "that be the cause of it, I'll be bound."

"Fire?" queried the detective.

"Yes. Gas, I mean, but we call it fire below."

"Rake Swinton said the gas smelt very strong," remarked the detective.

"You see," exclaimed one grimy-looking collier, who had not yet washed after his night's work underground, "all during the strike the gas has been gathering below, and now it has done its work. It was very strong in the night."

"Have you been working here all night?"

"Yes; not cutting coal, you know, sir, but in mending the roofs and putting up props. No cutting coal is done here of nights."

"You say the gas was strong?"

"Aye, that it were. In my opinion there wasn't a single corner of the pit that was free from it."

"Then it wasn't safe?" said the detective.

"Safe? Certainly not; but men must work, and especially after such a long spell of idleness as we've been having lately."

"But isn't some man responsible for the safety of the mine?"

"Yes; Seth Roberts be in this here mine. He's our fireman, he be. But this here disaster has nothing to do along of him. Why, the roads below now are nearly all blocked with the signal 'Fire,' and Seth would have to close up the whole of the mine if he noticed every little bit of gas."

"But better that than such accidents as these?" queried the detective, in surprise.

"Dunno," said the man, shrugging his shoulders, "This is dreadful work, to be sure; but no work means starvation at home, an' that means death to the women and the little ones, an' we can't stand that, sir."

"But if these poor fellows have lost their lives here to-day, that, too, means starvation and death!"

The man only shook his head sadly and said:

"Some one must risk it, sir; that's all I know."

"It's not the little bit of gas," said another man, "that'll kill anybody. We've got to work every day, more or less, when there be some gas. It's the accumulation of it during the long idleness that's done the mischief. The responsibility for this disaster, sir, lies at the door of the man who caused the strike."

"An' that be Stephen Grainger, an' no other!" put in another collier, with ferocious emphasis.

"Yes, he be the man that's to blame," said the first speaker; "an' I hope the inquest 'll bring it home to him."

"An' it will be," said the other, with passion, "if good men and true be on the jury."

Detective Carlyle now turned round in search of the agent. What the men had said so openly suggested to the detective a rather pointed question which he wished to put to the agent. But when he looked Stephen Grainger was nowhere to be seen. Where had he gone? Doubtless he was furthering the work of rescue somewhere, the detective mentally observed; and it never occurred to him to think that the agent had taken fright by the presence of Edward Trethyn and had flown. But such was indeed the fact, of which more anon.

Half an hour passed away, and again the signal came from below to wind up the rope; and again the people's necks craned to catch a first glimpse of the up-coming man.

Slowly, slowly the rope wound itself round the cylinder.

"There be more'n one man coming up this time," remarked one of the bystanders.

"Yes, there be a great strain upon it," replied another, and then stood, hushed and still, waiting the result.

Slowly, painfully slowly, and evidently with some unusual weight attached to it, the coils of the rope were folded one by one, until at last two heads rose from the darkness of the pit and up into the living sunshine of heaven. As they came up the crowd pressed eagerly forward to see them, and their pent-up anxiety gave place to loud wails and sobbing. Two men, indeed, but one with his head hanging over the shoulder of the other, as the living one clasped the other in his arms.

Detective Carlyle pressed forward to satisfy himself as to the truth of his suspicions.

"Is he dead?" he whispered to the rescuer.

"Dead!" gasped George Ford, the rescuer, and then himself sank on the ground exhausted.

"Who is he?" was now the question on every tongue.

"It's young Dick Fowler," replied one of the men. "God help us, my friend, but I fear this is only the beginning."

They carried the dead man into the engine-house, and covered him tenderly over with brattice-cloth, while several others gave their attention to George Ford.

Fortunately both doctors were on the spot.

"Be he overcome with the gas?" queried one of the men, as Dr. Shearer bent over him.

"I think not," he said.

He paused a moment, as if considering.

"Is the young man," nodding in the direction of the engine-house, "any relative of his?"

"No," they told the doctor.

Dr. Shearer took George Ford's hand in his, and, calling upon the people to give him air, looked steadily into his face. The patient exhibited no signs of having been overcome by the choke-damp, and the doctor could not account for his apparently unconscious state.

After a little time George Ford opened his eyes and gradually returned to consciousness. Slowly staggering to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Has the cage been patched up yet?"

They told him, to patch up the cage was impossible, but that a temporary one was just about being finished.

"Let it be sent down as quickly as possible," he said, going forward to place his foot in the loop again, in order to descend again into the pit.

"George Ford," cried one man, anxiously detaining him, "is there any hope for those below?"

"God knows," said George. "We've got into the mine, but there are falls every few feet, and we can't say what may be behind them."

The words fell heavily upon the ears of the people, and each turned to the other in tears to discuss the situation.

Ten minutes afterwards the cage was sent down into the mine, and in less than that time it returned with Rake Swinton, in charge of two of the rescuers, in a swooning state. Rake himself was like a ghost, so pale was his face, while a dreadful fear betrayed itself in his countenance.

"After-damp," said Drs. Shearer and Burns, together, as they immediately attended to the two men.

"Yes," said Rake; "it's like a pestilence down there," and then he drew Dr. Shearer aside.

What was he saying to the doctor? He stood whispering solemnly, and the doctor looked dreadfully shocked. Men pressed round him to listen. Soon the news spread through the crowd that the rescuers had come upon six dead bodies, and that Rake was preparing the doctors to receive them.

"Was there any hope of any being alive?" the heartrending question which had been on everybody's tongue since the first moment of the disaster. Rake Swinton sadly shook his head.

"He couldn't tell yet," he said, and down he went again into the mine, accompanied by two other brave volunteers.

Not very long had they to wait for the answer, for soon the cage came up again and the six dead bodies in it. Hurriedly, yet decently, were the dead carried away and placed in the engine-room alongside of poor Dick Fowler's body, and then those who had dear ones working in the mine were allowed in, two by two, to see if any of the dead were theirs. There the dead lay, with the coal-dust upon their faces, but with the deathly pallor of their countenances sickening in contrast to it. We will not linger upon the painful scenes which followed the recognition of the dead by the living and sorrowing relatives, but we will at once return to the scene transpiring at the mouth of the pit.

The cage had again descended, and again had been wound up to the surface, and three more bodies carried to the engine-room. This time Seth Roberts and Edward Trethyn came up with it, and the sight of Edward brought a moment's calmness to the vast throng. His face and hands were black with the coal-dust, blood trickled from a bruise on his forehead, and it was plain some stone

had fallen from the roof and struck him smartly on the brow; his clothes and his boots were covered with thick mud. For a moment he stood eying the people, and his heart melted within him, so that he could not refrain from groaning aloud.

"My poor people," he cried, in a voice quavering with intense sympathy, "this is a sad day—a sad day!" Then he broke down altogether, and could only utter between broken sobs: "God pity you, my friends."

Mr. Detective Carlyle pressed forward to have a word with him.

"Where's the agent?" cried Edward, somewhat recovering himself at the sight of the detective.

The detective did not know. No one knew. Search was made for him in the crowd, in the offices, in the engine-room, in fact almost everywhere, but still he could not be found.

"He's the man," said Edward, "that I shall hold responsible for this disaster. Mr. Carlyle, will you keep him under your survey?"

Mr. Carlyle did not need any urging to fulfil that request, and he had already despatched his two officers to follow up the agent and to arrest him on the first charge, for a suspicion was already beginning to dawn upon the detective's mind that Stephen Grainger had taken fright and fled.

Up again came the cage with more bodies, and intense excitement amongst the people. Somehow it had got abroad that every man that went down into the mine that morning was probably lost, and the gloom and distress which fell upon the hearts of the people were beyond all words of expression.

"Is there no hope of any of the poor fellows being saved?" asked Dr. Shearer, as he dressed Edward Trethyn's wound in the pay office.

"None whatever," replied Edward. "I believe every man has perished. One hundred and seventy-eight people, I'm told, went down into the mine this morning, and I believe they are all gone. Oh, it's a terrible, terrible thing!" and poor Edward again broke down utterly.

All day long the work of recovering the bodies went on, and darkness had set in, and still the work proceeded. Now that the certain fate of all was known, Edward Trethyn, careworn and tired out, lonely wended his way homewards. As he reached the bottom of the hill Rhoda Roberts met him on the way.

"Oh, Edward, Edward, is it true that poor Dick Fowler's gone?" she cried.

"Alas! Rhoda," he said, "it is true, and many another brave fellow's gone beside."

"Oh!" Rhoda was beginning, when suddenly a poor woman rushed out of one of the whitewashed cottages on the roadside, crying:

"I'll be the death of him! As sure as I live I'll take his life!"

Her eyes were glaring wildly, her dishevelled hair was streaming in the breeze and she carried a great carving knife in her hand.

Quickly Edward stepped aside and intercepted her.

"Where are you going, my good woman?" quietly asked Edward, detaining her. She stepped back a pace or two and glared fiercely at him. Then she broke out:

"You are not him. It's the wretch Stephen Grainger I seek. I'll kill him, I'll kill him, I'll kill him!"

"Why, what's he done?" coaxed Edward.

"Done! Come and see what he's done. Come and see, come and see."

She turned and fled back to the house again.

"Let us follow her," said Edward, whispering lowly to Rhoda. "Let us go and see what her trouble is. Poor thing, she is evidently in great distress."

"Her mind's deranged, I should say," said Rhoda.

"Indeed it looks like it," said Edward; "but come and see."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Edward Trethyn, followed by Rhoda Roberts, led the way towards the house of the poor distracted woman, who had so fearfully cried out for revenge upon Stephen Grainger.

"Come and see," she cried wildly in answer to Edward's question as to why she would be revenged upon the

agent, and then had sped away towards the house as if a very fury.

Edward and Rhoda had hesitated several moments, and therefore the woman reached the house some little time before them, and stood impatient for their arrival and holding open the door for them to enter.

"Why should I not kill him?" she demanded passionately as the two crossed the threshold; "look what he has done for me!"

She pointed to a low bed in one corner of the room, over which a clean white sheet had been thrown. "Nay, do not fear," cried the woman; "when they were alive they wouldn't have hurt a kitten, an' now they're dead an' can never hurt nobody. Look!" she cried, turning down the sheet.

The horror of the two companions a moment before when they only suspected some ghastly sight lay underneath the sheet, was quite eclipsed now, and Rhoda clung in trembling and fear to Edward's arm.

"Three men!" exclaimed Edward aghast.

"Aye," said the woman, "three of them, and that's why I'll be revenged."

For awhile they all stood in silence viewing the bodies, and terribly oppressed with their own painful thoughts.

"My three bonny boys," exclaimed the woman presently, "all brought home to me but an hour ago. This morning they went out bright and happy and now they be here. Tom, that's the eldest lad; he were twenty-six years of age last Michaelmas Day, kissed me good-mornin', and laughed as he joked me about a-gettin' married, now that the work has started again, and now he's lying there ready for his coffin."

"Are these your sons?" asked Edward, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

"They be," answered the weeping woman, "or they were yesterday."

"It's very sad," murmured Rhoda.

"An' there be my old man," went on the woman, "hasn't done a stroke of work this year."

They turned towards the rickety sofa which was drawn up in one corner of the room and near to the wretched-looking fire, and saw a man of about fifty years lying on it, pale and wasted-looking.

"What is your husband's complaint?" asked Rhoda sympathetically.

"Why, he's never been well since the accident."

Both Edward and Rhoda looked towards the woman for some explanation, but she seemed to think they knew, or ought to have known, about it.

"I've been so ill myself," said Rhoda, "and so long confined to the house that I've no recollection of having heard of your husband's accident."

"Why, didn't Stephen Grainger take him away from his own work and send him into a dangerous part?"

"And while working in that dangerous part he met with his accident?" asked Edward.

"Yes; quite a ton of stuff fell on him."

"Why did Stephen Grainger change your husband's work?"

"Through spite, an' nothin' else," replied the woman savagely. "All because Dad said that you, sir, was the poor man's friend.

"Dad," said his wife presently, "do you think you could get up a bit and look at the boys? He hasn't seen them yet," she said, explaining her words to Edward. "He's been too unwell to stir, and this here has nigh finished him. You'd like to see the poor childer, Dad, wouldn't you?"

Very gently and tenderly they supported him to the bedside, his steps feeble and tottering, while he shook in every limb. At the bedside they halted while Betsey turned down the white sheet and exposed the ghastly faces of the three dead young men. The eldest of the three was lying nearest to them, and the poor, afflicted father stooped down and kissed the stone-cold lips of his lad.

"God 'a' mercy!" he said, while the big tears trickled down his cheeks, and his whole frame shook with violent emotion, "I never thought, Betsey, that we were rearing them for this. Poor, poor Tom!"

Presently, however, he turned to kiss his next son, but as he did so, he suddenly started and cried out in dread.

"Dad," said Betsey, laying her hand tenderly on his arm, "whatever is the matter with you?"

"They've brought the wrong lad home to us, Betsey," he whispered

hoarsely, while his face showed his fearful agitation.

"Dad," soothingly replied Betsey, "this great trouble has bereft you of your senses——"

"Nay, Betsey," he answered quickly; "a father ought to know his own bairn, surely? Look, Betsey lass, look at it."

Betsey did as she was bidden. For the first time since the corpses were brought home from the mine, Betsey took a good look at them as they lay on the bed. But the look was only for a moment, and then she uttered a terrified scream.

"No, dad," she cried, "that's not our lad," and her tears and cries were piteous in the extreme.

Edward could not understand it.

"Are you sure, my good woman?" he asked.

It was a natural question, but a foolish one. What mother could not recognize her own child surely so and beyond doubt?

"Sure!" she cried; "am I sure? Am I sure that I stand here? Am I sure I'm in my right mind?"

"But how has this fearful mistake occurred," mildly asked Rhoda.

In this way. When the three corpses were brought home to her door, poor Betsey Pickles was so prostrated with grief that she was totally unable to look upon the dead forms of her children.

The reader must not think this fiction. It is not fiction, but real, sober truth—every bit of it truth, the explosion, the dreadful circumstance here related, and what follows.

"Nay dad," she said, "that is not our lad." Then fiercely turning to Edward, she cried, "Why should I not be revenged?"

"But," interrupted Edward, "you can't blame Stephen Grainger for everything. You can't lay everything to his charge. Depend upon it, my good woman, he knows nothing about this fearful error."

"Don't talk to me," cried the woman, forgetting herself in her passion. "I blame Stephen Grainger for everything. Didn't he cause the strike? Didn't he prevent the fireman from going down into the pit to test the workings? Didn't he scheme for the explosion?"

Rhoda looked horrified.

"Hush!" cautioned Edward, "you are making monstrous statements now. Let it all pass for the present, and let us see what can be done now to get this great mistake righted."

"Arn't I speaking the truth?" demanded the woman of Rhoda.

Rhoda hesitated, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Arn't I speaking the truth?" again demanded the woman, and passionately this time.

"In reference to what?" timidly asked Rhoda.

"In reference to what!" scornfully retorted the wrathful woman. "Isn't it the truth that your father was prevented from testing the mines?"

"It is," replied Rhoda simply.

Edward stood aghast.

"That is," explained Rhoda, "during the time of the strike."

"Who prevented him?" asked Edward in great astonishment.

"Mr. Grainger," replied Rhoda.

For a moment or two Edward stood speechless. In all his experience he had never heard anything to equal this astounding piece of folly. In all former strikes, in Trethyn and everywhere else, it had always been customary to allow the fireman and the timber-men to keep the pits in safety and in good repair, so that when work was again resumed it could be resumed under fairly safe conditions.

"I say," emphatically declaimed Betsey, "that Stephen Grainger is the author of all this mischief and I shall be revenged on him."

The latch was lifted, and a collier entered the room.

"Begging your pardon," he said, seeing Edward Trethyn present, "but I come to see Betsey Pickles."

"Have you brought Job home?" cried Betsey, flying towards the man.

The man was thunderstruck. As yet he knew nothing about the great error which had been committed, and he couldn't account for Betsey so quickly jumping at the right name.

"Job be coming now, Betsey," he said, "but you mustn't take on, you know. It's a sad business, and some of the folk be even worse off than you. Your Job is coming, but many a poor soul up yonder," nodding in the direction of the Big Pit, "can't find their'n."

As he spoke four bearers brought the body of the poor unfortunate Job to the door.

"You are Tom Harley, are you not?" asked Edward of the messenger.

"Yessir," he replied briefly.

"Do you know that three bodies have already been brought home to Mrs. Pickles?"

Tom Harley stared stupidly at Edward.

"Do you know that a fearful mistake has been made and that the wrong man has been brought here?"

"No, sir," cried the man in amazement.

"Well, such is the fact," said Edward, and then he communicated the doleful intelligence to the bearers.

"P'r'aps one of you may know the young man," he said presently.

The bearers approached the bed and looked into the face of the dead man.

"Why, it's old Moses Watkin's nephew," said one.

"So it is," said Tom Harley. "It's young Jack Lightfoot. Poor chap!"

Promising to call in again on some future day, Edward and Rhoda took their departure.

"This is a sad day for Trethyn, Rhoda," said Edward.

"A most terrible day," she replied. "Scarcely a family in Trethyn but what will suffer."

"Yes," said Edward sadly. "I suspect there'll be dead in every home here to-night."

They walked on silently together a while, and then Rhoda asked Edward if he knew the cause of the explosion.

"The gas has been very thick in the mine," said Edward. "It has been accumulating all the time during the strike."

"Yes, but what exploded it?"

"As yet," said Edward, "that is shrouded in mystery. At all events it is plain, from what you have said, that Stephen Grainger isn't blameless."

Again they walked on in silence. Both of their minds were filled with thoughts of the sad catastrophe, but yet Rhoda had another all-absorbing thought in her mind too. How was it that Edward so publicly walked about? Was he not endangering himself? And how was it that he had so fearlessly shown himself to Stephen Grainger at the pit? After a little time Rhoda put the question to him.

"Of course, my darling," he now said tenderly, "I ought to have explained to you before, but things are happening so quickly that I had almost forgotten that it was only yesterday that I first showed my face in Trethyn."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, Rhoda; I went to the bank——"

"Openly?"

"No, not openly in the sense you mean. I was concealed from the public view by riding in Sir Charles Montgomery's closed carriage, but I did business openly enough with Mr. Mills, the manager."

"From that," said Rhoda, "I suppose I may infer that something unusual has transpired?"

"Yes, Rhoda; something of vast importance to me and to Trethyn."

Filled with glad surprise Rhoda looked up into his face as if she were waiting for him to tell her all the news.

"I will begin from the beginning," he said, quickly interpreting her thoughts, "and will tell you everything that has happened since I saw you last."

Very quickly Edward then related to Rhoda all that the reader already knows of the discoveries made in the park on that night Edward played the ghost.

"Now you can judge for yourself," he said smiling, when he had finished his story.

"My judgment is, then," she replied sweetly, "that the mystery will soon be cleared up."

"It practically is so now," he replied, "and as I came up to the mine this morning Mr. Detective Carlyle told me of another discovery." He paused a moment to watch the effect of the news upon her. "Shall I tell it you?"

"Tell me anything which will clear you, dear Edward," she said, "of this cruel injustice which has been done you."

He bent his head and whispered in her ear.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, in amazement.

"Indeed, indeed, in very deed," he replied.

"What will they do with him?" she asked.

That was a question which Edward himself had not considered, but he answered as best he could.

"Well, I suppose," he said slowly, "that they will try him in a court of justice, and then—and then—an—well, I don't know what they will do to him. They will condemn him and then punish him, I suppose."

By this time they had reached the

fireman's cottage, and Edward led Rhoda to the door.

Seth had already come home, but he was yet unwashed and grimy-looking and worn. His eyes, too, were red with weeping.

"This is a terrible affair, Edward," he said, motioning him to a chair. "There be many sore hearts in Trethyn to-night."

"Yes," replied Edward.

"The sights we saw underground will never fade from my memory."

"Nor from mine," said Edward; "indeed, I feel quite sick at the thought of them."

"What the poor wives and children will do," said Seth, "I ween not. Some of them are starvin' now, the strike has been going on so long and then this to come."

"They shall not want," said Edward warmly; "I will see to that."

"Will you?" cried Seth, a ray of hope entering into his heart.

"That I will," said Edward; "I will undertake to provide for every family for the next two years to come. Either I will do it myself or I will gather funds from outsiders to do it."

Seth was thankful for the generous words, and long after Edward had gone the fireman still talked of the young squire's generosity to Rhoda. And later, when the time for evening devotion had come, Seth made the matter one of special comment in his prayer, and thanked God fervently for bringing Edward Trethyn into his own again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FLIGHT.

Very secretly indeed Stephen Grainger stole away from amongst the vast crowd gathered at the pit's mouth that morning of the fatal explosion. The fact was, Detective Carlyle's words had alarmed him, and he felt there was a hidden meaning in them which brooked no hesitancy or delay on his (the agent's) part.

The reader will remember that at the sudden apparition of Edward Trethyn on the pit's brow, Stephen Grainger had crossed over to the detective, saying, "I shall hold you responsible for the arrest of that man," and that the detective had replied something to the effect that time enough existed for the arrest when the rescue work was over. To Stephen Grainger's mind those words now meant a great deal, and he counted it wisdom on his part to put himself beyond too familiar proximity to the detective.

Stephen Grainger came to the conclusion that it was his safest and wisest policy to fly; and having secretly stolen from the meeting, he was very soon hastening away in a very undignified manner indeed. Where was he going? He scarcely knew himself. Flying as if for very life, but as yet undecided as to his destination. More than once he paused as he ran, feeling half-inclined to retrace his steps, and face the matter out, but when he thought of Edward Trethyn living and not dead, he again continued his course of flight, not daring to turn back.

At the foot of the hill were the stables of the Trethyn Collieries. On his way past them the fugitive agent looked into them to see if he could get a horse. Only one ostler was present, the others having all gone to the scene of the explosion, but this one ostler supplied the agent's demand.

"I want the best horse you've got," he cried, excitedly.

The ostler touched his cap respectfully.

"There's none here, sir," he said, "fit for a gen'l'man to ride."

"In times like these," replied the agent, "one mustn't be particular. Quick! Saddle me the best horse you've got."

"Will you have the grey mare, sir," said the ostler with provoking leisure in his tone.

"Is she a good trotter?"

"That she be," replied the ostler.

"Well, then, she'll do," said Stephen Grainger, "or any other that can go. Come, hurry up, my man," and the agent thrust a half-crown piece in his hand.

Dexterously now the ostler saddled the horse, and in a very few minutes led it forth to the stable door. The next moment Stephen Grainger mounted it in hot haste.

"Now then," he cried to the horse, at the same time kicking the mare's flanks with his spurless heels, "away! But hold! Ostler!"

"Yes, sir."

"If I'm sought for, say I've gone in

search of experienced engineers to assist at the pit yonder."

"Right, sir," said the ostler, and the next moment Stephen Grainger was galloping away for very life.

Whither?

Not even then did Stephen Grainger know whither, but he guided his horse out into the open road, as if he wished to get away from everybody and from all signs of life. Strangely enough he soon found himself on the high road to Netton, and then the thought occurred to him, "I must see the landlord of Trethyn Arms." Strengthened in this purpose as he rode along, he urged his horse to its greatest speed. After a little time the village of Netton came into view, and soon the agent reigned in his steed at the door of the Trethyn Arms. Quickly dismounting, the agent flung his reins to a bystander, and turned to enter the inn. Then for the first time the strangely forsaken appearance of the place struck him—the drawn blinds, the closed door, the absence of all signs of life and business. Somewhat puzzled, he tried to open the door, but found it fastened. Then he rattled the latch impatiently, but there was no answer from within.

"Mebbe you haven't heard the news, sir," said the man who was holding the horse's reins. "You can't get anything to drink here, sir."

"Drink!" cried Stephen Grainger, contemptuously. "It's the landlord I wish to see."

"Then you be come too late," said the man.

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"Oh!" said the man somewhat confidentially, "he's safe enough; you needn't fear for that. They've got him safe and fast."

At the words Stephen Grainger started, and glared (no other word of milder form would properly express the agent's look) at the man anxiously.

"Explain," he said imperiously.

"There be nothin' to explain," said the man. "They've been an' fetched him, that be all I knaws."

"Who?"

"Why, the bobbies, to be sure."

Stephen Grainger could not refrain from uttering an exclamation of surprise, but before he could frame another question, the man said quietly:

"You see, sir, they say he be concerned in some murder or other—at all events, that be the tale going about, though I don't know as how true it be."

"But he really has been arrested?"

"Oh! yes, that be right enough, an' they tell me the bobbies stuck to him pretty tight as they walked him off from here."

Stephen Grainger did not wish to hear more. He had heard enough, and, placing a small coin in the man's hand, he sprang on his horse.

"You didn't know the news afore, sir?" asked the man, with his hand still on the horse's bridle, and looking up in the agent's face.

"No"—abruptly spoken.

"It was a rum go, sir. A poor-looking old covey came here this mornin', a kind of tramp, you know. I suppose he was a wretched-looking individual from what they tells me——"

"Well," interrupted Stephen Grainger impatiently, "what about him?"

"There was a good deal about him," replied the man. "He was no tramp at all, that fellow weren't."

"No? What was he then?"

"He was one of these here detectives, as they call 'em."

"What!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger; not as a question, for he perfectly understood the word spoken, but the exclamation escaped him in surprise.

"They were telling me that his name was Detective Carlyle, a very 'cute officer they say."

"Are you sure that was his name?" asked Stephen Grainger earnestly.

"Well, no," said the man, "I can't say as how I am sure, seein' as how I didn't see him mysel'. Not as how I would have known him neither had I seed him, but that's what folks as does know says. You see he was a-sitting in the bar, an' he overheard a conversation did this 'ere detective with the lan'lord an' some fine gen'l'man."

"Who was the gentleman?" asked Stephen Grainger anxiously.

"Nay, I cannot tell thee that," replied the man, "but they say as how the bobbies knaws him."

The words struck terror to Stephen Grainger's heart. This was indeed startling news; news which admitted of no further dallying on his part.

"Loose her head!" he cried to the man, and instantly galloped abruptly away.

BUILDING THE TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

Four hundred years ago, on the twenty-third of May, 1498, Girolamo Savonarola was burned to death in the great square in the City of Florence. By a sublime poetic justice the world to-day rings with his fame as the prophet and forerunner of civil and religious liberty in United Italy. In the very chamber in which Savonarola held his council when, as the most potent spirit in Italy, he administered the civil affairs in Florence, King Victor Emanuel held the first Parliament of United Italy. Savonarola has been called the John Wesley of Italy. He was more. He was, in a way, the combination of Luther and Cromwell, reforming at once the religion and politics of the country.

Bruno, the Italian monk, who was burned at the stake in the city of Rome, in 1600, has recently had erected to his honour a bronze statue in that city.

John Wycliffe, whose ashes the persecuting monks of the period strewed upon the rippling burn of Lutterworth, which carried them into the Severn, and the Severn into the sea, "an emblem of his doctrines, that like its waters encompass the world," is hailed as the Morning Star of the Reformation.

Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, who were burned at Oxford, have their monument in that classic city. Tyndale, who was burned at Mechlin, has his bronze statute on the banks of the Thames. Zwingle, who died upon the field of Kappel, lives in bronze in the city of Zurich, where he so long ministered to the church of God.

Luther has at Worms, where he was arraigned before Charles V., one of the noblest monuments in Europe. The The memory of Gerome and Huss, burned without the gates of Constance, is perpetuated by a colossal monument on the site of their martyrdom. Thus the words of our Saviour are fulfilled, "Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them." God buries his workmen, but carries on his work. Their bodies lie mouldering in the grave, but their souls go marching on.

GLEANINGS FROM GLADSTONE.

You cannot fight against the future.

Men are apt to mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

We cannot change the profound and resistless tendencies of the age toward religious liberty.

If we are just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind—that when the case is proved and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied.

Yes, the disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world. . . . It is written in the eternal laws of the universe of God that sin shall be followed by suffering.

Depend upon it that all false, all sham work, however it may last for a little, the effect of it is ultimately to destroy reputation, to take away confidence, and to act most injuriously upon those who have adopted the trick.

It is not leisure, wealth and ease which come to disport themselves as athletes in intellectual games. It is the hard hand of the worker, which his yet stronger will has taught to wield the pen; it is labour, gathering up with infinite care and sacrifice the fragments of time, stealing them, many a one, from rest and sleep and offering them up, like so many widows' mites, in the honest devotion of an effort at self-improvement.

For the whole of the enormous advance in the condition of the labouring man the basis was laid, once for all, by the Gospel. This was, in its original form and in its continuing purpose, the charter of human freedom, and the two modes by which it most conspicuously asserted itself in the arduous process of social regeneration were, first, the gradual elevation of woman, and next, the mitigation and eventual abolition of slavery.

I am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and pride if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral support which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford. No, sir, let it not be so; let us recognize, and recognize with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong, the principle of brotherhood among nations and of their sacred independence.

If you can take a human being in his youth, and if you can make him an accomplished man in natural philosophy, in mathematics, or in the knowledge necessary for the profession of a merchant, a lawyer, or a physician—yes, if you could endow him with the science and power of a Newton, and so send him forth—and if you had concealed from him, or, rather, had not given him a knowledge and love of the Christian faith, he would go forth into the world . . . but poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked with reference to everything that constitutes the true and sovereign purposes of our existence.

A life that is to be active ought to find refreshment in the midst of labours, nay, to draw refreshment from them. But this it cannot do unless the man can take up the varied employments of the world with something like a childlike freshness. It is that especial light of heaven, described by Wordsworth in his immortal ode, that light

"Which lies about us in our infancy,"

which attends the youth upon his way, but at length

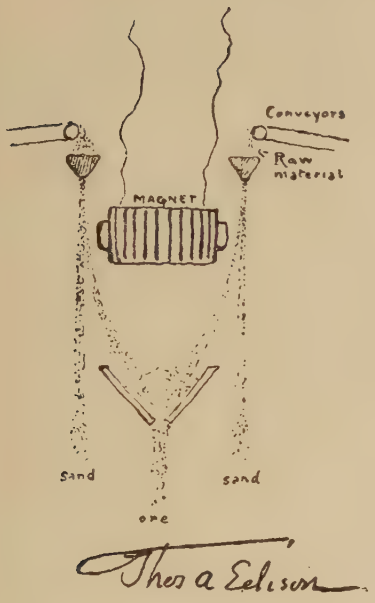
"The man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Its radiance still plays only about those few who strive earnestly to keep themselves unspotted from the world and are victors in the strife.

Gladstone's Tribute to the Bible.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit; in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich melodious choir of the noblest cathedral, "their sound is gone out into all lands and their voices unto the ends of the world." Not here alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more perhaps than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitement of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest.

Science Notes.



EDISON'S MAGNETIC SEPARATOR.
His own diagram.

Edison's magnetic separator has been perfected, after six years of incessant toil and the expenditure of about $3,000,000. The scene of the experiments is at Edison, N.J. Here there is a tract of 3,000 acres of mountain land, which contains 200,000,000 tons of low-grade iron ore, known as "magnetite," useless for ordinary smelting, but from which Mr. Edison purposes to extract 50,000,000 tons of iron. He is obtaining now from 1,000 to 1,500 tons daily of chemically pure iron. The ore is blasted, pulverized and allowed to fall from a height, powerful electro-magnets deflecting to one side in the fall the iron particles (about 25 per cent. of the whole), thus separating them. The whole process is automatic. Not a human hand touches the ore at any stage of its process. Mr. Edison regards this "separator" as the crowning achievement of his life.

Even those engineers used to large operations assured Mr. Edison that no machine could be constructed powerful enough to crush five, six, and seven-ton rocks, nor could any machine withstand the terrific jar which would result. Nevertheless Mr. Edison invented such machinery, and so completely that not even one hundred horse-power is required to reduce rocks weighing six and seven tons to dust in less than three seconds from the time they are thrown into the crushing-machine.

The steam-shovels have a capacity for lifting ten tons of free rock a minute, while the plant's crushing capacity is one-fifth greater than that of all the stamp-mills in California, or "enough to level in an ordinary lifetime the proudest of mountain peaks;" while the magnets have "enough combined pulling capacity to raise a modern great gun clear from its deck-facing and drop it over the side of the vessel into the sea." The sand-ore is mixed with an adhesive material and made into briquettes about three inches in diameter. Twenty-eight hundred of these are contained in one ton. An average freight-car holds twenty tons. Thus seventy-five car-loads of pure iron are wrested daily from heretofore worthless rock—a well-deserved triumph for the inventor, and a blessing to mankind.

AN ACCIDENT TO THE STEAM SHOVEL.

The steam shovel seems to be as voracious as a great animal. Sometimes it attacks rocks which are too big even for its own great maw. In its efforts to overcome a great rock it lost its balance and tipped over.

Telegraphy Without Wires.

In a recent number of this magazine Prof. Chant explained the theory of Marconi's telegraphy without wires.

A long and interesting interview with Marconi appears in the *Strand Magazine*, from which it seems that in the opinion of such expert electricians as Mr. Preece, the head of the Electrical Department of the British Post Office, we are on the verge of a discovery which will enable any one to telegraph anywhere without the aid of wires, posts, and cables. At present what Mr. Marconi claims to have done is to send messages with instruments of proper size and power across any number of miles of space. Mr. Marconi was experimenting with the Hertz electric waves, ascertaining how far those waves would travel through the air for signalling purposes. He was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile, when he discovered that the wave "which went to my receiver through the air, was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of a hill." In his opinion that went through the hill, which was three-quarters of a mile thick.

The Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. The same amount of energy that is used in generating the Hertz waves will generate Marconi waves; they are excited in the same general way by an apparatus which he is patenting, but their power is entirely different. The Marconi waves are not reflected or refracted. He sent and received waves at the General Post Office through seven or eight walls over a distance of one hundred yards. He thinks a despatch could be sent twenty miles in the same way.

Nay, Mr. Marconi thinks that by establishing a fifty or sixty horse-power engine in a room forty feet square in England, and another of equal size in New York, it will be possible, at a total cost for both of not more than £10,000, to telegraph between London and New York without any difficulty. At present he is experimenting in establishing communication through the air from the shore to a lightship. The length of the Marconi waves varies from ten inches to thirty yards. These waves have an alternation of about two hundred and fifty millions per second. By their use ships can be fitted with this apparatus so as to indicate the presence of another ship at any desired distance; that is to say, in a fog ships will ring each other up by alarm bells whenever they come within a mile of each other, and the direction of the approaching vessel will be indicated by an index.

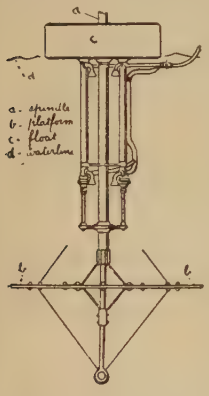
More than that, Mr. Marconi believes that it is possible for a small ship, fitted with the proper battery, to approach an immense fleet, and at a distance of twenty miles blow up the magazine in every ship's hold. If there happened to be in the powder magazine two nails or wires or plates which were in a position to set up induction, the Marconi destroyer would be able to blow the whole fleet into eternity before it had even been sighted from the mast-head. Mr. Marconi maintains that he has actually exploded gunpowder by his electric waves at a distance of a mile and a half. All that he needs is to put two wires or two plates in the powder, and then to set up an induced current, which would cause a spark and explode it. It is obvious that what can be done in relation to ironclads can also be done in relation to powder magazines of land armies, and, therefore, if Mr. Marconi is correct, the doom of the explosive is near at hand. It would be a strange thing if the evolution of science should practically abolish gunpowder by rendering its use impossible. It would still be used against savages who were not able to generate the Marconi waves, but against civilized foes its presence would be a much greater danger to the army that carried it than to the enemy against whom it would be used.

Utilizing a Glacier.—A huge glacier on the Bornhorn, Switzerland, is being put to economic uses. An enterprising firm of ice dealers are getting their supplies from it. Rents were cut into the ice, and by means of dynamite, blocks weighing many tons were broken from the solid field, and these are again sawed and broken, and allowed to roll down into the valley. Then the blocks are taken by teams to the nearest railway station and transported to Munich.

I saw last summer a similar ice quarry at the lower glacier at Grindelwald. The ice was blasted with gunpowder and carried across the valley in a huge swinging-box which slid along upon a wire rope. I greatly wished to take a ride on this aerial railway, but the workmen refused

permission. A great grotto was hewn in the glacier, and lit up with candles, the myriad ice facets brilliantly reflecting the light. A group of Swiss girls sang very prettily their plaintive mountain airs, whose strains echoed down the icy corridor. An exquisite azure light filtered through the crystal roof and the ear placed against the wall could distinguish tinkling sounds of trickling water.—Ed.

The Fletcher Wave Motor. — A motor, or power producer, operated by the waves of the sea has been recently successfully tried in England. It resembles a great steel buoy. A long, hollow spindle is maintained in a vertical position. Near its lower end is a platform, which, being far below the surface of the water, tends to resist any vertical displacement. An annular float surrounds the spindle and rises and falls with the waves. Thus a pump-like action is produced between the moving float and the relatively stationary spindle, and this is utilized to produce power. In a recent experiment a large stream of water was thrown across a ship's deck. It is proposed to mount a complete electric plant upon such a wave motor, and have the dynamo driven by the same, so os to supply an electric lamp. This auld give a self-supplying lighted buoy.



Metals More Precious than Gold.—We commonly think of gold as the most valuable of metals, because it is the most precious of metals that are produced in sufficient quantity to be in common use. There are, however, several rare metals that are much more valuable than gold. Gallium, for example, is quoted in the market at $3,000 an ounce avoirdupois. Most costly of all metals, save only gallium, is germanium, which is quoted at $1,125 per ounce. Rhodium is worth $112.50 an ounce; ruthenium, $90 an ounce; osmium, $26 an ounce; and palladium, $24 an ounce. The last is about equal in value to gold. These metals are of no great commercial importance. Most of them are mere curiosities of the laboratory, having been discovered originally by accident, incidental to the analysis of ores. It has been suggested that some of them might be coined, but the supply of them is too uncertain. That was the difficulty with platinum, which the Russian Government minted in the first half of the present century. Iridium is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy which must have the property of not corroding. Its only important use is for tipping gold pens. For this purpose the grains of it, which are flat like gold-dust, are picked out with magnifying glasses.—*Am. Jour. Photography.*

New Danger to Firemen.—At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power-house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamo to be shut down, they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames. In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose was sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued, they quickly recovered.—*Electrical Review.*

Paper Paving Blocks.—Attempts were made in foreign countries in 1893 to mould paving blocks for streets from paper pulp, but with only partial success. In 1894 a section of a street was paved in Washington, D.C., with paper blocks, but owing to the crudeness of the methods in manufacturing them the experiment did not succeed. Since that time several paper pulp manufacturers have been experimenting, with the result that a great many new forms of pulp paving blocks have appeared. The blocks are made cube shape, and are compressed and dried by flasks, pressers and baking ovens.

Utilizing Solar Heat.—It has been estimated that the heat from the sun would sufficiently warm and illuminate 2,000,000,000 globes the size of our earth, and if there was some practical way of converting this heat into power, it would carry burdens and do all the work that lightning has been doing since it has been harnessed. Already many wonderful things have been accomplished by using the sun's rays. In Europe a newspaper has been printed by power from the sun, and distilling has been done to some extent. Salt water has been distilled, and cider and coffee have been made.

The World's Progress.

SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

War Comments.

MAP OF SANTIAGO.

The coils of fate are slowly closing around the island of Cuba. The irresistible might of a great nation, strong in resources of every kind of food supplies, of ships, and men, and money, and the almost unanimous enthusiasm of its people, is gradually securing the freedom of the Cubans. The menace of Cervera's fleet for a time almost paralyzed operations by sea and land; but now that it is safely "bottled up" in the harbour of Santiago, these movements proceed apace. The heroic valor of Lieutenant Hobson and his six brave comrades who sailed the *Merrimac*, amid a storm of shot and shell, to her last berth and sank her in mid-channel, escaping with their lives by swimming ashore, is one of the bravest in naval annals. It commanded the admiration of all who love heroic devotion even unto death. The rescue of their brave foes by the Spaniards lends a gleam of light to the lurid scenes of war.

The valour and fidelity of the Spaniards in defending to the last their

crumbling fortifications and sinking ships commands also our admiration. It is painful to read of brave men blown into the air by the irresistible fire of rifled cannon, to which they can offer a very ineffective reply. Let us pray God that very soon this sad travesty on Christian civilization may cease. We still think it might have been avoided by an appeal to a nobler arbitration than that of the sword. While sympathizing thoroughly with the chivalrous championship of enslaved Cuba by the United States, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that her war measures and her naval blockade have doomed to death the very *reconcentrados* she sought to save.

Miscarriage of Charity.

In an appeal to Admiral Sampson by Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross Commission, dated May 6th, she says: "I have with me a cargo of 1,400 tons, under the flag of the Red Cross, the one international emblem of neutrality and humanity known to civilization. Persons must now be dying in Cuba by hundreds, if not thousands, daily, for want of the food we are shutting out. Will not the world hold us accountable? Will history write us blameless? Will it not be said of us that we completed the scheme of extermination commenced by Weyler?"

She asked permission to distribute these supplies. The Admiral, acting under instructions to prevent food supplies from reaching the Spanish forces in Cuba, felt compelled to refuse that permission. This appeal was read to the President and Cabinet. Miss Barton's brother telegraphed: "It was heard with moistened eyes; considered serious and pathetic. Admiral Sampson's views regarded as wisest at present." Part of these supplies were used to feed refugees and captured Spaniards at Key West. But oh, the pity of it! The hapless victims of Weyler's cruelty must perish of hunger, though tons of food contributed for their succour be within a hundred miles.

Great Britain's Service.

The service rendered by Great Britain to the United States since the beginning of the war has been of incalculable benefit. The firm attitude of Her Majesty's Government prevented the strong naval demonstration in West Indian waters of the powers opposed to the United States at the beginning of the war. It prevented again the intervention of the powers after the battle of Manila to prohibit the occupation or retention of the Philippines. It has also led to the very marked modification of the hostile feelings expressed by the French and German press, and, to some extent, that of Russia, towards the United States. These countries have learned that their antagonism to the young republic of the West was but cementing the bonds of an alliance between the "Mistress of the Seas" and the "Lord of the Lands"—an alliance which contains the promise and the potency of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, as opposed to the unstable equilibrium of the jealous powers of Europe. The better section of the American press gladly recognizes these invaluable services.

Anglo-Saxon Sympathy.

The growth of sympathy between Great Britain and her colonies and the United States, now enacting the *rôle* of champion of the oppressed Cubans, is illustrative of the following words of the New York *Independent*:

"It is very comforting to have the good wishes and hearty friendship of England. We count more on this friendship than on any other that could be offered to us. She believes our war is a righteous war, and she will join no alliance against us. Through all the years since we became a nation we have been growing in unity of thought and common understanding. We have believed in a Treaty of Arbitration to cement our friendship and to guard against hasty actions and hostile decisions. That treaty will, we trust, be soon consummated. England and the United States; the United States and England. What can they not accomplish for the world's progress in close, enduring friendship?

With reference to the proposed settlement of national questions between the United States and Canada, *Harper's Weekly* says: "That good trade understanding between the United States and Canada may mark our first step towards the 'open door' is the wish of all who hope for the expansion of the United States, not by way of increase of territory, but by the peaceful paths of growing commerce."

At the great Anglo-American banquet in London, the strongest sentiments of international good-will were expressed. Over five hundred guests were present. The Bishop of Ripon, Lord Brassey, Earl Grey, Lord Bernard Coleridge, and many

other leading men expressed their intense sympathy with the United States. Colonel Taylor, a distinguished American officer, raised a huricane of cheering by saying, "As you have stood by us in our day of trial, when your day of trial comes, count on us." Sir Frederick Pollock replied, predicting that there would be "one fleet under two flags to keep the peace of the world." In proposing a health to President McKinley, Lord Coleridge asked, "Where can the Old World show such a line of rulers of men as have been the free choice of the American people?"

With such a concord of the best sentiment of Britain, the United States can afford to smile at the malice of the Spanish paper which declared that President McKinley was a naturalized Chinaman born in Canton. Its knowledge of geography is rather weak, and it confounds the Buckeye State of Ohio with the Middle Kingdom.

Spanish Spies.

Signor Carranza must have been extremely astonished and chagrined when he found his confidential letter, freely criticising both Spanish and American methods, acknowledging his own system of espionage and asking for a naval office for himself, made public. The whole system of spies, of false flags, of *ruses de guerre* is humiliating and demoralizing. Open war with armies and banners, with ironclads and rifled cannon is bad enough, but it has an element of manhood and bravery about it that extorts sympathy where it does not command the judgment; but the sneaking, crawling, subterranean system of secret spies and conspirators is one which excites only our loathing. Certainly these mole-like workers underground have no right to make the neutral soil of Canada the scene of their plottings against our neighbour, with whom we are at peace.

The Spanish Consul in Toronto denounces every American Consul as being as guilty as Carranza. The consuls of Spain and of the United States are here for the discharge of legitimate commercial business. When they use their position for political plotting, they transcend their privilege and wrong a friendly power to which they are commissioned.

The Anglo-German Rapprochement.

Kaiser Wilhelm is an uncertain quantity in European politics. In him the personal equation is so marked you never can tell how he will act. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to think that more friendly feeling prevails towards Great Britain that at any time since the famous telegram to Oom Paul. Great Britain and Germany seem to be acting together in China in maintaining the policy of the "open door." The German Emperor is to pay a visit to the Queen at Balmoral, and *Punch* represents him in kilts as dancing the Highland fling under the name of Mac—something.

Such violent language as the following from *United Ireland* can only exasperate both German and English sentiment: "The bouncing, notoriety-seeking, muddle-headed braggart who lords it over Germany and thinks himself a modern Cæsar, has again turned to licking the hand of England. His royal grandmother, whom somebody nicknamed 'a great foreign minister,' but who is really well versed in continental politics, because her relatives cling like barnacles to almost every court in Europe, has, no doubt, been giving the prancing Hohenzollern a bit of her mind, and the result is that he is now a sycophant of the Queen."

International Commission.

The growing rapprochement between Great Britain and her daughter land to the United States is the natural and happy result of the strong sympathy shown by both the mother country and her colonies in the chivalrous war for the liberation of Cuba. Our Canadian statesmen have wisely taken advantage of this access of kindly feeling to seek the removal of all causes for friction between the two countries.

The joint commission which has been appointed to bring about this result will meet under the happiest auspices in the old historic city of Quebec, the birthplace of Confederation, and the scene of so many stirring historical events. We doubt not that the exhibition of conciliation and good will—of a desire to reach just and righteous results—will be crowned with success. The sunny ways of genial diplomacy will open the hearts of both negotiants where the attempts to coerce Canada into submission to unreasonable demands would utterly fail. Amid these kindly influences the antipathies and jealousies which too long kept these kindred countries asunder, in the high tide of international friendship, will thaw into cordial good will just as the ice bergs of Baffin's Bay melt rapidly beneath the lavings of the Gulf Stream.

Uniting the Nation.

Another happy incidental result of the last six weeks' history is the thorough fusion together of all parts of the country into one indivisible nation, "with sectional hate and sectional bitterness clean gone forever." In the streets of Baltimore, where during the civil war the Massachusetts regiment was mobbed and pelted with stones, they were now pelted with flowers by the hands of Baltimore's fairest belles and overwhelmed with social courtesies. The boys in grey and those in blue marched side by side, and, wonder of wonders, coloured regiments with coloured officers have gone to the front to secure for the Cubans the liberties which the war of emancipation brought to themselves.

As was expected the firm attitude of Great Britain to the Niger Hinterland question has led to a concession on the part of France whereby the threatened rupture has been avoided.

Current Topics.

Gladstone's Funeral.

Not since the burial of the Iron Duke in St. Paul has so impressive a public pageant taken place as when England's great Commoner, plain, untitled William Ewart Gladstone, was laid to rest in that great Mausoleum of England's mighty dead, Westminster abbey.

Two future Kings of Great Britain walked beside his coffin, and all the nobility and learning of the State surrounded it, the deceased had been for simplicity.

The vast assemblage sang that favourite hymn of Mr. Gladstone's as it was for Prince Consort and many another, lofty and lowly, "Rock of Ages Cleft for me" The choir chanted, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and sang "Lord thou hast been our refuge in all generations."

Mrs. Gladstone stood bravely throughout the service, tenderly supported by her sons, her face lifted upward, and her lips moving in prayer. Strong men wept when she knelt beside the grave, and the Prince of Wales with courtly grace kissed her hand as if she had been the wife of a king.

It was a great State function, says Mr. Ford, ending with all the simplicity of a village churchyard funeral. The whole service tended to magnify the spiritual significance of Mr. Gladstone's life and of his death.

For two days the great commoner lay in state in that Westminster Hall which has been the scene of so many of the greatest events in English history. From all parts of the kingdom, indeed, from all parts of Europe, men came to lay their tribute of love and reverence upon his bier.

It is significant of the permanence of English institutions that the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, in whose family this duty has rested for hundreds of years, had the charge of this national tribute to England's greatest son.

> "In the great Cathedral leave him,
> God accept him, Christ receive him."

Tributes to Gladstone.

The tributes of the American press to the memory of England's great statesman will do much to cement the bonds of brotherhood between the kindred peoples who mourn about his bier. The New York *Independent* voices the feeling of the American people in these noble and generous words:

"It is with some divine language, and not in a common tongue, that we would wish to tell the greatness of the most godlike man whom the age has known. To see him die and to give him royal burial his country forgets the strife of parties and the story or the threat of war. The nations stand with uncovered head, while emperors and presidents send their garlands of sympathy and honour for the bier of the untitled king of men. No other man so honoured, so loved, has this century seen borne to a royal grave. Gladstone was a nobly inconsistent man; that is, he could learn. His inconsistency deviated always to the right. It pointed the finger to larger liberty. He always kept his eyes open for the new light and his ears for new voices of God, the voices of the wronged calling for help, whether in England or Islam. When he had been wrong he owned his error and made himself right."

Uniting the Flags.

For many years at the International Conventions of the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Chautauqua Assembly, and other Christian institutions the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes have twined their folds together. These have prepared, in large degree, the tie of brotherhood which unites the kindred people, having so many of the noblest elements of nationhood in common. It is most gratifying to the patriot and lover of his kind to see these emblems of law and order and liberty greacefully wreathed together.

The celebration of the Queen's Birthday by American troops at Tampa and the visiting boys in blue at Kingston, Niagara Falls, and elsewhere is an augury, let us hope, of that broader brotherhood, of that international peace and good will which we hope will soon engirdle the world.

Our genial humourist, Mr. J. W. Bengough, has in one of his cartoons superimposed the Union Jack upon the Stars and Stripes, and one of our public buildings in Toronto has for weeks flung to the breeze a gigantic flag on which the Royal Standard of England is quartered on the flag so dear to our American kinsfolk. God grant that more and more these nations, which more than any others represent the higher Christian civilization of the twentieth century, may abide in love and brotherhood, and lead the van in the march of progress through the ages.

Spanish Chivalry.

Amid the horrors of war, it is pleasing to note the glimpses of chivalry worthy of the romantic old knight, Don Quixote. The tribute of Admiral Cervera to Lieut. Hobson and his brave men softens somewhat the asperities of conflict. Says the *Outlook*: "When the war is over, we believe it will be found that Cervera's chivalric action will prove itself to be that of a peacemaker, because it will win the respect of all Americans."

The London *Lancet* refers in eulogistic terms to the heroism in battle of Dr. Duran, of the Spanish army, who, despite a shattered knee-joint, quickly bound up by the aid of his orderlies, proceeded under the fire of insurgents to carry out no less than twenty major operations, including abdominal suturing and the care of compound fractures. Such heroism is indeed praiseworthy; but what can we say of the inhumanity of making it a necessity for a wounded surgeon to continue at his post, caring for others, instead of being cared for along with them?

Amenities of War.

In many respects "Grim-visaged War has smoothed his rugged front," and pursues his dreadful trade in more humane manner than in those dreadful days when human ghouls prowled upon the field of battle to murder the wounded and plunder the slain. Amplest provision is made for the succour of the wounded of both sides, and their treatment by the best skill and care which modern science can bestow. The gentle heroines of the Red Cross are ready to nurse with undistinguishing tenderness Spanish and Cuban and American, and to feed the hungry *reconcentrados*. Shiploads of food and hospital stores are waiting the chance to relieve the wants of the beseiged in Havana, or the sick and suffering in the deadly trenches. This is surely a presage and a promise of the time when war shall be no more and men of every race shall be knit in blessed brotherhood of peace.

All that can be done by hospital ships and hospital trains, all that can be done by the best surgical skill and nursing of the United States shall be rendered with undistinguished regard to the wounded of both nations. This will make less bitter the memories of the war, which we hope will soon be past.

The Biter Bitten.

The bankruptcy of E. T. Hooley, the great company promoter, like the suicide of Barney Barnato, the diamond king, causes not a ripple in the money market of Lombard Street. His chief exploits were promoting the Bovril Beef Extract Company, the Dunlop Tire Company, and seven great bicycle manufacturing companies. His schemes in two years were capitalized at over $100,000,000. He was evidently a gambling plunger, with no more commercial morality than a plunger on the turf. Not by such reckless gambling is England's commercial reputation made, nor by such failures will it be marred. The collapse of Leiter's wheat at Chicago is another piece of poetic justice.

Few institutions in the world could cash such a draft as was drawn upon the Bank of England by the Chinese Government for payment of the Japanese indemnity. One of these cheques was for £11,889,000. It looked funny to see a penny stamp placed upon this cheque to give it validity.

Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," and "Equality," books discussing the economic relations of society, died at his home in Massachusetts, May 22nd. He was born in that state in 1850, and educated in Union College and in Germany. He was employed on the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and other leading papers. Of his "Looking Backward" more than 500,000 copies were sold. His social theories while interesting to read, are rather visionary in their conception and impossible of application.

Baron Lyon Playfair, a distinguished scientist, has joined the great majority. He is the author of numerous scientific books, and was the instructor in science of the Prince of Wales. A demonstration of his confidence in his instructor is shown by the fact that on the assurance that the experiment was perfectly harmless the Prince plunged his hand into a pot of molten metal.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The Conferences.

The leafy month of June is the pleasant time for the gathering of the tribes of our spiritual Israel. A couple of the Conferences only meet in May. Our beloved country looks her loveliest in this month of flowers. The lilacs and syringas fill the air with fragrance. The vivid green of fields and woods is refreshment to the eye. The sense of rapid growth brings inspiration to the mind. To many of the brethren this is the chief, and to some of them the only outing of the year. Very delightful is the greeting of old comrades, of College friends, of busy toilers in their diverse fields of labor.

The hymn with which the Conference opens is generally the one beginning :

> "And are we yet alive
> And see each other's face ?"

There is often a tremor of pathos as we think of those who have fallen on the field of battle and whose places on earth shall know them no more. With the opening prayers are mingled thanksgiving to God for the warfare accomplished and the victory won by the veterans in the service who have been called from labour to reward.

There is on earth no grander brotherhood than that of the Methodist ministry. The passing years may write their wrinkles on the brow, and streak the hair with silver, and bow the frame, but the common service for the common Lord keeps the heart young and full of gladness ; and in moments of relaxation the hearty laugh and rich relish of a joke show the keen sense of enjoyment which a heart at peace with God and man promote.

No body of ministers co-operates more intimately with their lay brethren or grasp them more closely to the heart with hooks of steel. There is no assumption on either part to lordship over God's heritage, but there is a strong consciousness that they are fellow-laborers in a common service for a common Lord. It is a demonstration of fidelity to this service that make busy laymen, controlling great financial, commercial and political interests, devote day after day to the politics of the kingdom of heaven, to the advancing of God's work in the world.

Memorial Service.— Of special tenderness and pathos is the memorial service for those who during the year have departed this life. A brief obituary is read and their old companions in arms lay their wreath of love and loyalty upon their graves. It is not a a service of gloom, but of solemn gladness, though not unseldom the voice quavers and the tear falls.

In no church on earth is more faithfulness maintained in regard to the ministerial standing. Of every minister in the connexion the question is asked at the May District Meeting. "Is there any objection to his moral and religious character ?" "Does he believe and preach all our doctrines ?" "Has he

competent abilities for our itinerant work?" Faults and failings are dealt with tenderly yet faithfully, for the maintaining of the principle that "They must be pure who bear the vessels of the Lord."

The Stationing Committee.—Of course, much interest centres around the Stationing Committee and very naturally, for Methodist preachers have their human interests and sympathies, have families to maintain and educate, and, like Elias, are men of like passions with their brethren, clerical and lay. But more unselfish acceptance of the decisions of the stationing authority is nowhere else manifested in the world. Throughout Methodism, probably not less than fifty thousand men, are stationed every year, and in scarcely any case—in a very small fraction of one per cent.—do either circuits or ministers refuse to accept their appointments. This system has been maintained for over one hundred and fifty years. The world never saw anything like it since the first apostles of our Lord and the preaching friars of the Middle Ages were sent forth on their evangelizing tours.

The great interests of the Church came up prominently before the Conferences for review:

Missions.—That of missions is without question of the first importance. Although the administration is in the hands of a large and influential committee, yet all our Conferences embrace domestic missions as full of toil and trial and privation as any foreign mission in the world. Many of them also have their Indian missions and their relations to the foreign field. The visits of Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Henderson give inspiration to these missionary reports and missionary meetings.

The General Superintendent.—The presence of our revered and honored General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Carman, is a strong bond of union between the widely severed Conferences, and a guarantee of the uniform administration of discipline under the varying conditions of our far extended field. Dr. Carman's inaugural addresses are always stimulating and suggestive, and on the great themes before the church ring like the sound of a clarion. His absence on a tour of official visitation on the mission work in Japan leaves a distinct gap in the interest of several home Conferences.

Education.—The great educational work in which the church is engaged is ably represented by the visits to the Conferences of the Rev. Dr. Potts, the Secretary of Education, and the Principals or administrators of our various Colleges and Universities. The development since the last Methodist Union of this important department of church work is very remarkable. Victoria University is already one of the great theological schools of this continent. Montreal Theological College is fast following in its wake. Our University at Sackville, our Colleges at Winnipeg and British Columbia are doing a noble service for the education of our ministry to say nothing of the great work accomplished in secular education by those institutions and by our Colleges for the young men and young women of Canadian Methodism.

Superannuation Fund.—Our ever youthful friend, Rev. Dr. Griffin, with his quaint humor and frequent sallies of wit, makes even the dry statistics of the Superannuation Fund glow with interest. It is gratifying to know that the state of this fund is more healthy than it has been for many years. By the legislation of our last General Conference the incidence of some thousands of dollars of assessment has been removed from the laity and placed upon the ministers, and every penny, we believe, of the current assessment has been paid in full. Yet it is cause for regret that even this did not meet by ten per cent. the claims of the widows and orphans upon this fund. It has been suggested that the name "Widows' and Orphans' Fund," that used in the Presbyterian Church, would more accurately describe its scope and purpose. The assessments of the ministers, it is alleged, with the grant from the Book Room, fully, or nearly, meet their claims.

Publishing Interests.—The publishing interests of the church have grown to great magnitude. No church in Christendom, in proportion to its numbers, makes better use of printers' ink or more widely and strongly preaches the gospel from the printed page. The message of salvation thus sent abroad on all the winds reaches often where the living voice cannot be heard. The religious periodicals of the Church are among the most efficient aids to the pastors in their religious work. They are, indeed, sub-pastors making weekly visits to the homes of the people all over this land. The publishing institutions in Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, with their many hundreds of

agents throughout the country are doing a great work for God and for Methodism. They are, in Scriptural phrase, "turning a pure language upon the people," and are cultivating loyalty to nobler Christian ideals and fidelity in Christian work.

The visits of the silver-tongued Rev. Dr. Briggs, Book Steward of the Western House, whose sprightly wit and eloquence can make even a financial report sparkle with humour and glow with interest, are always received with very great favour. We are sure the same applies to the indefatigable agent of the Eastern House, Rev. S. F. Huestis. The connexional Editors also report for their several departments, and receive a more than kind and responsive greeting from their brethren.

Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues.—Our Sunday School and Epworth League interests lie near to the hearts of the Methodist people. The growth and development of these under the vigorous administration of the Sunday School and Epworth League Secretary, the Rev. A. C. Crews, are cause of great thanksgiving to Almighty God, and are a pledge and augury of the intelligent growth of Methodism in the near future. The Church of to-morrow is in the Leagues and Schools of to-day. Especially is the Epworth League Reading Course, which Brother Crews has so vigorously pushed, a marvellous success — far surpassing relatively that in either of the sister Methodisms of this continent. The Leagues are also contributing liberally to missions and to local Church interests.

The Home Department.— A new development of our Sunday School work, the Home Department, is attracting much attention. It is very significant that in no part of our work has such rapid progress been made during the last quadrennium, during which this Department has nearly doubled every year. There is here a field for grandest growth. In the providence of God about one-fifth of the population of this Dominion is committed to the religious teaching and training of the Methodist Church. Of this number about one-fifth only are found in our Sunday Schools. This Department seeks to bring into vital touch with our Church life and Church work the other four-fifths, to train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord by taking up in the homes the same comprehensive course of Bible study which is followed in our Sunday-schools, and thus enabling them to keep step with the great army of twenty millions of persons throughout the world, who every Sunday unite in studying the International Sunday-school lessons. The intellectual stimulus, the religious instruction, the promotion of family religion which is thus contemplated is one of vital importance for the future of Methodism in this land.

Temperance.—On the great temperance question before the people of this Dominion the voice of Methodism is one of the most potent factors. Over and over again its highest Court has declared that "The Liquor Traffic cannot be licensed without sin." We have now an opportunity, free from political entanglements, of speaking strongly, clearly, unitedly on this great subject. The voice of the Conferences has been emphatically heard. The voice of our people will give no uncertain sound in the approaching plebiscite.

The General Conference.— Additional interest has been given to the recent Annual Conferences on account of the approaching quadrennial General Conference. The appointment of representatives to that body means to many of our ministers and laymen a pre-eminence in toil as well as in honour. It means three of the hardest weeks' work of their lives, often at the sacrifice of important business interests or the postponing of pressing church work.

That Million Dollars.— No subject which came before the Conferences elicited greater interest or was received with greater favour than the proposition to raise a million dollars as a thank-offering twentieth century fund. It was ably and eloquently introduced by the Rev. Dr. Potts, to whom the inception of the scheme is largely due, in most of the western Conferences, and was heartily indorsed by every one of these Conferences in which it was thus introduced.

The debate, or rather the addresses indorsing the scheme,—for there was no opposition in the Toronto Conference—the only one we had the pleasure of hearing—reached a high-tide mark. The Rev. Drs. Dewart, Langford, Potts and Burwash, Senator Cox, Revs. Dr. Henderson, J. E. Lanceley, Dr. Tovell, Dr. Stone, Dr. Briggs, and J. T. Moore, Esq., addressed the Conference with great eloquence and aroused much enthusiasm.

The funds which it is expected will specially benefit by this movement are the Missionary Fund, the Superannuation Fund, the Educational Fund. These important interests of the Church will receive such an impulse as will send the

life blood tingling through every department of the Church's operations. The very consecration of a million dollars upon the altar of God, the bringing in of the tithes and offerings will surely open the windows of heaven for the out-pouring of such a blessing that there will not be room enough to contain it.

It is not designed nor desired that this shall be the gift of a few rich men, but the offering of a million faithful hearts. Such an offering will indeed be twice blessed, blessing him that gives as well as the great interests that are helped thereby. It will be a means of grace and a rich spiritual blessing and benediction to all who, according to their ability, shall consecrate the whole of their substance by the bestowment of a generous portion of it to the service of Almighty God. "The liberal man deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand."

Anglo-Saxons Solid.— In several of the Conferences strong resolutions of appreciation of the growing *rapprochement* of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo Celtic peoples throughout the world were passed with much enthusiasm. It is a striking coincidence that the National Hymns of Great Britain and the United States: "God Save our Gracious Queen," and "My Country 'tis of Thee," —are sung to the same air. Right loyally did those Conferences join, in a consciousness of the higher Christian unity, in singing those hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

We have not yet received the full statistics of our Church progress. It will take our indefatigable General Conference Statistician, Rev. Dr. Cornish, some weeks to tabulate these. We have every reason to believe that substantial progress is being made in every department of our Church work.

Rev. William Birks.

The death of this beloved brother will be learned with great regret by the wide circle of friends on his varied fields of toil. He was suddenly called from labour to reward on June 2nd. Brother Birks came to Canada from Staffordshire, England, in 1855, and entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion Church. Among his fields of labour were Goderich, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Milton, North Augusta, Ingersoll, Talbotville, Brownsville, and other circuits of which we have not now the record. He was for eight or ten years chairman of his district, and for over a score of years was a highly esteemed member of the London Conference. On receiving a superannuated relation three years ago he removed to this city and identified himself heartily so far as health would permit with church life and church work. Brother Birks left to mourn his loss a widow and four sons. The latter are Rev. A. K. Birks, B.A., of Waterloo Street church, Stratford; W. J. Birks, organist of St. James' Methodist church, Montreal; T. W. Birks and D. D. Birks, of British Columbia.

Rev. James H. Kennedy.

This beloved brother passed away from time at his home in St. Catharines, April 18th. Surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, he passed the two years of retirement since his superannuation. Brother Kennedy was born in Carlton County, Ontario, in 1832. He received a business training in Montreal. He was early converted to God, and entered Albert College, Belleville, and spent some years in the teaching profession. In 1867 he entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he labored till the recent Union, chiefly in the Western part of Ontario. His ministry was one of great power, especially as an evangelist and camp-meeting preacher. Failing health compelled his superannuation in 1896, when he removed to St. Catharines and united with the Welland Avenue church, where his name is still as ointment poured forth.

Rev. Dr. Duryea.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. Duryea, one of the most prominent men in the ministry of the United States has passed away. He began his life work in the Dutch Reformed Church, and afterwards preached for some years in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Brooklyn, Boston and Omaha, and again in Brooklyn. We had the honour of his personal acquaintance, and found him a man of singular integrity, manliness and Christian culture—a good man, who loved God and wrought righteousness.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The General Conference of this body was a very successful assembly. Two new bishops have been elected. Indeed, three received the adequate number of votes to place them in that office, the Rev. Dr. Hoss, of the *Nashville Christian Advocate* being the third on the list. But as the General Conference decided that

only two were required, Dr. Hoss by a practically unanimous vote was again placed on the editorial tripod of *The Advocate*. In this position we deem he can exert an influence not less powerful that that of the episcopal chair.

The new bishops are: Wm. Aiken Chandler, North Georgia Conference, is forty-one years old. He was presiding elder at twenty-five, editor two years, and was made president of Emory at twenty-nine, which position he has held till now.

Henry Clay Morrison, Louisville Conference, is fifty-eight years of age. He was pastor twenty-five years. Eight years ago he was made missionary secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Dubose was elected Epworth League Secretary and Editor of the *Epworth Era*. He succeeds the Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel, one of the brightest men of Southern Methodism. Dr. Steel, however, affirms that he was a "misfit" at Nashville. His somewhat impulsive manner of writing and speaking more than once got him into "hot water" with the powers that be.

The fraternal address of the Rev. Dr. Griffin, the representative of Canadian Methodism at this Conference, is described as a great success. He more than met the highest expectations in his address; he captured his audience with his first sentence, and never let them go; they were entirely *en rapport* with him. His humour was super-abundant, but only served to brighten the sententious, thoughtful and suggestive utterances on a large variety of subjects. Dr. Hoss, the editor of the *Daily Advocate*, says of him in this address: "We record the general opinion of those present when we say that for robust common sense, for keen and subtle humour, and for deep and and genuine spirituality, no finer utterance of the sort has ever been heard before any General Conference of our Church."

Dr. Davison, the British Wesleyan representative, also made a profound impression by his graceful and scholarly address.

One of the interesting features of the Conference was a visit to Mt. Olivet cemetery, where lie the ashes of Methodism's illustrious dead. Several times they went by hundreds—bishops, ministers and laymen—and held informal services on the hallowed ground. It was a high privilege to stand by the monuments inscribed Frances Asbury, John Emory, Enoch George and Beverly Waugh, bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Jesse Lee, the "Apostle of Methodism," as it is cut in the marble slab covering his dust, and Robert Strawbridge.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland has had the honour of being invited to give a course of lectures before the Theological Faculty of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. Our Southern exchanges report these lectures as very brilliant in character, and amply sustaining Dr. Sutherland's distinguished reputation in the south land.

Wesleyan Theological College.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, was an occasion of much interest. Under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. Shaw, the College is rendering most important service to our Church. The year has been one of marked success. The endowment has reached $70,000. Dr. Shaw stronly urges its increase to $100,000, and the erection of a new convocation hall to meet the pressing needs of the College.

The presence of the principals and professors of the Presbyterian, Anglican, and Congregational Colleges, and of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts of McGill University was a pleasant exhibition of interdenominational friendship and good will. The addresses of Drs. Antliff, Saunders, Courtice, Paton, and other gentlemen, are described as of a very high order.

A Brilliant Assembly.

We refer elsewhere to the very successful twenty-fifth anniversary of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. A sister institution of the United States, Boston University, has just celebrated its similar anniversary with great *éclat*. During its whole history it has enjoyed great prosperity under the administration of President Warren. The anniversary was a brilliant success. Among the learned guests and speakers were the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, Dr. Gordon, pastor of the old South Church, Hon. W. A. Field, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Dr. E. E. Hale, Bishop Hurst, and President Elliott, of Harvard University. A more brilliant galaxy of talent has seldom been witnessed at any gathering.

The Japan *Mail*, in an editorial on Shintoism and shrines, gives the number of the latter at 193,476, with 14,766 priests, or one to every thirteen shrines. The priests of higher rank are paid $25 to $75 a month, and have besides a part of the income of the shrines.

Book Notices.

Bible Characters, Gideon to Absalom. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The Bible is a great picture gallery of noble characters—and sometimes of characters, like Ahab and Jezebel, great in their wickedness, who are a perpetual warning to mankind. The Bible method of teaching by example is far more effective than that of didactic discourse. The favourite literature of the day is character studies. Dr. Whyte has shown his rare gift of spiritual insight and interpretation in his "Bunyan Characters" and other books. In this volume he describes the chief Bible characters from Gideon to Absalom. His grasp of his subject is scarce less noble than that of Browning, and his interpretation much easier to comprehend.

Tennyson's Debt to Environment. A study of Tennyson's England as an introduction to his poems. By William G. Ward. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

While our great poets command an ever-widening circle of readers, yet very many neglect this precious heritage of our English literature. Busy men often say they have no time to read poetry. They are the very men who should read it. Next to the Word of God nothing will so lift the mind above the sordid cares of life as our greatest poetry. People who can read little should read the very best. Nowhere can they find the world's best thought expressed in the best phrase so well as in those great masters, whose jewelled words sparkle forever. This book by a Professor in a Methodist College is an admirable introduction to the study of Tennyson.

Christianity and the Progress of Man as Illustrated by Modern Missions. By W. Douglas Mackenzie, M.A. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The literature of Christian Missions is assuming a more philosophic and scientific character. It is not now confined to mere narrative of missionary incident and adventure, but it embraces also, as in this book, the philosophy of missions derived from a wide induction of facts, In a series of instructive and interesting chapters the author describes the missionary as a pioneer, translator, educator and "Saviour." He describes the relation of the missionary to civilization, to other religions and to the progress of man. The nobleness of missionary self-sacrifice and Christian martyrdom form the subject of a striking chapter. Such books as these form one of the greatest evidences of Christianity—one of the noblest Christian apologetics. The man who studies the theory and history of missions is, to use the striking phrase of our author, "looking into the very mind and heart of the living God."

Caleb West, Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by Malcolm Fraser and Arthur I. Keller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

We wonder why the writers of fiction have not more often found a *motif* for their tales in the great problems and achievements of science. Victor Hugo has done this with splendid effect in his "Toilers of the Sea," and, with less success, Flamarion and Jules Verne in their stories. These, it will be noticed, are all French authors, who combine vivid imagination with scientific accuracy.

Science has invaded the domain of poetry more fully than that of fiction. Tennyson and Browning are saturated with the scientific spirit. The author of "Caleb West" breaks new ground in a field of boundless and fascinating interest—the tale of wreck and rescue, of the queer submarine life and adventure, is of most dramatic character. The least successful part of the story is its sentimental passages. The use of naval expletives we deem unnecessary to give sufficient verisimilitude to the story.

Reuben Dean. By William Leslie Low. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

Rudyard Kipling has a splendid passage in which he describes England's dead as marking every zone of her exploration and conquest. Especially is this true of the frontiers of civilization in Africa and India. Almost every land over which floats the Union Jack—the symbol of law,

order and liberty—has been redeemed from barbarism by the valour and the blood of Britain's sons. This stirring tale tells the story of a Scottish lad from the time of his snowball fights at school to his heroic achievements on England's Indian frontier. It is by such deeds of high emprise that the Victoria Cross is won and the foundations of Empire are laid.

There is in this book a deal of shrewd Scottish humour and common sense. A lad who had been led into trouble at school thus excuses himself :

"Father," he said, "it was John Gosse and the Hillbrae boys that gar't [made] Reuben gang, and I gae'd wi' him."

"Gar't him gang ! The deevil himsel' canna gar ye ; he can only temp' ye. Ye hae less sense than the tyke. He's nae ilka man's dog that whistles on him.

"My son ! my son ! never trifle wi' duty—not for a moment. Do it ! do it ! quick and strong, like a valiant man, and defy a' the fools in creation to lead ye aside. Be a leader o' good men, and nae a follower o' fools. And I can promise ye we'll have nae mair hame-comings like this."

This is a valuable addition to the library of select fiction published by this house.

Gladstone : His Life and Achievements. By FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D,, President of Armour Institute, Chicago. Methodist Book Rooms : Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp 400, Octavo. Price, cloth, $1.75.

Of the many lives of England's Great Commoner placed upon the market we deem that of Dr. Gunsaulus one of the very best. The writer was for many years intimately associated with Mr. Gladstone and has given a special study to his life and labours. He is in every way fitted to write with sympathy and appreciation of England's "grand old man."

Mr. Gladstone's prodigious labours as England's greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer, his long service as the "Strong Right Hand" of Sir Robert Peel, his fiery appeal for justice in Italy —his heroic efforts on behalf of the Ionian Islands—his splendid labours on behalf of the poor of Ireland and England when the Anti-Corn law agitation was on, his unwavering devotion to the cause of Disestablishment, his clear conviction of the need of Reform in the House of Lords—his foreign policy with Turkey, Russia and India—his passionate humanity when Montenegro cried and Bulgarian horrors came—his contest with a privileged class on Paper Duties and his superb triumph won for a broader elective franchise—his plea for Armenia —all these chapters in his glorious life are studied and placed here in clear and attractive phrase.

Gladstone, the orator, is adequately described—as worthily represented in his greatest speeches and fully studied as a debater unequalled for learning, eloquence and skill in our time.

The book contains forty full page portraits and original drawings depicting the life of Gladstone and his contemporaries.

The Queen of Heaven. Mamma Schiavona (the Black Mother), the Madonna of the Pignasecca. A Delineation of the Great Idolatry, traced in facts and customs sanctioned and promoted by the teaching and authority of the Roman Catholic Church. By T. W. S. JONES, Naples. Naples : Tipografia, Strada Maddalenella Degli Spagnuoli. Methodist Book-Rooms : Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, 75 cents.

In our April number we described the splendid mission-work being accomplished in Southern Italy and Sicily by the author of this book. Mr. Jones has been for nearly forty years a Methodist missionary in Italy. He understands the people well, and is entirely sympathetic with their strivings after liberty, civil and religious. In this book he gives a vivid account of the gross Mariolatry of the people. The worship of the image of the Virgin known as the Black Mother seems little better than that accorded the image of Diana of the Ephesians, as described by St. Paul.

The book gives a wonderful insight into Neapolitan life and character. It shows the yearning of the soul for fellowship with the Divine which is frustrated and bitterly disappointed by the intervention of the human. One of the chapters gives a striking account of the Camorra of Naples and the Mafia, and Vendetta of Sicily, a sort of secret association for brigandage, murder and revenge. Yet these brigands and murderers wear the scapular of the Virgin and are most devoted to her service.

Canadian readers will find that this book, also the author's other volume on "Naples Nowadays," and his book on the "Present Religious Movement in Italy," will throw much light on an important subject. They may be ordered through our Book Rooms.

Broken Purposes, but Answered Prayers: A Record of Jehovah's Loving Kindness; and of Sweet Surprises in His Service. By ANNA BOOBYER. London: Marshall Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

The life and labours of George Muller have wonderfully emphasized the power of prayer. But many other workers for God have had similar experiences. Many of these are described in this little book. It abounds in illustrations of the goodness of God in hearing and answering the prayers of his people. Nothing will more confirm the faith and strengthen the confidence of God's people than a clearer conviction that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

The Free-Trade Movement and Its Results. By G. Armitage-Smith, M.A., Victorian Era Library. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Few questions are of more present and permanent interest than the one treated in this book. It comes home to every man's pocket, and affects some of the largest interests and relations of mankind. The writer is a thorough-going free-trader. He is convinced of the policy of the "open door" in commerce, for which Britain stands, and believes that its general adoption would make for the peace of the world. He emphasizes the fact that the welfare of one nation is closely bound up with that of its neighbour's—a doctrine which in these days of eager political and commercial rivalry needs to be clearly set forth. At the same time, the writer deals with the subject in the scientific spirit and fairly states both historical facts and arguments.

The bulk of the book describes the progress of the free-trade movement and its results during the reign of Queen Victoria. But the restrictions of trade and the efforts at tariff reform before the Queen's reign, are concisely outlined. The stirring story of the Corn Law repeal, one of the greatest economic, and even moral, movements of the century, is told with fresh interest. The glorious history of British trade is something that stirs the pulses with a patriotic pride. Instead of political economy being the dismal science, in the hands of Mr. Armitage-Smith it becomes a subject of fascinating interest.

In these days of bread riots in Spain, in Italy, in Austria, threatening the overthrow of dynasties, these economic questions demand and deserve closest attention. Yet the conditions of these countries are much akin to those which obtained in England before the repeal of the Corn Laws. Ebenezer Elliott's pathetic Corn Law rhymes express the indignation and the pathos of the great movement to obtain cheap bread for the poor. They but reiterate the sentiment as old as the wise law-giver of Israel, "He that withholdeth the corn the people shall curse him." The following is a specimen stanza from Ebenezer Elliott:

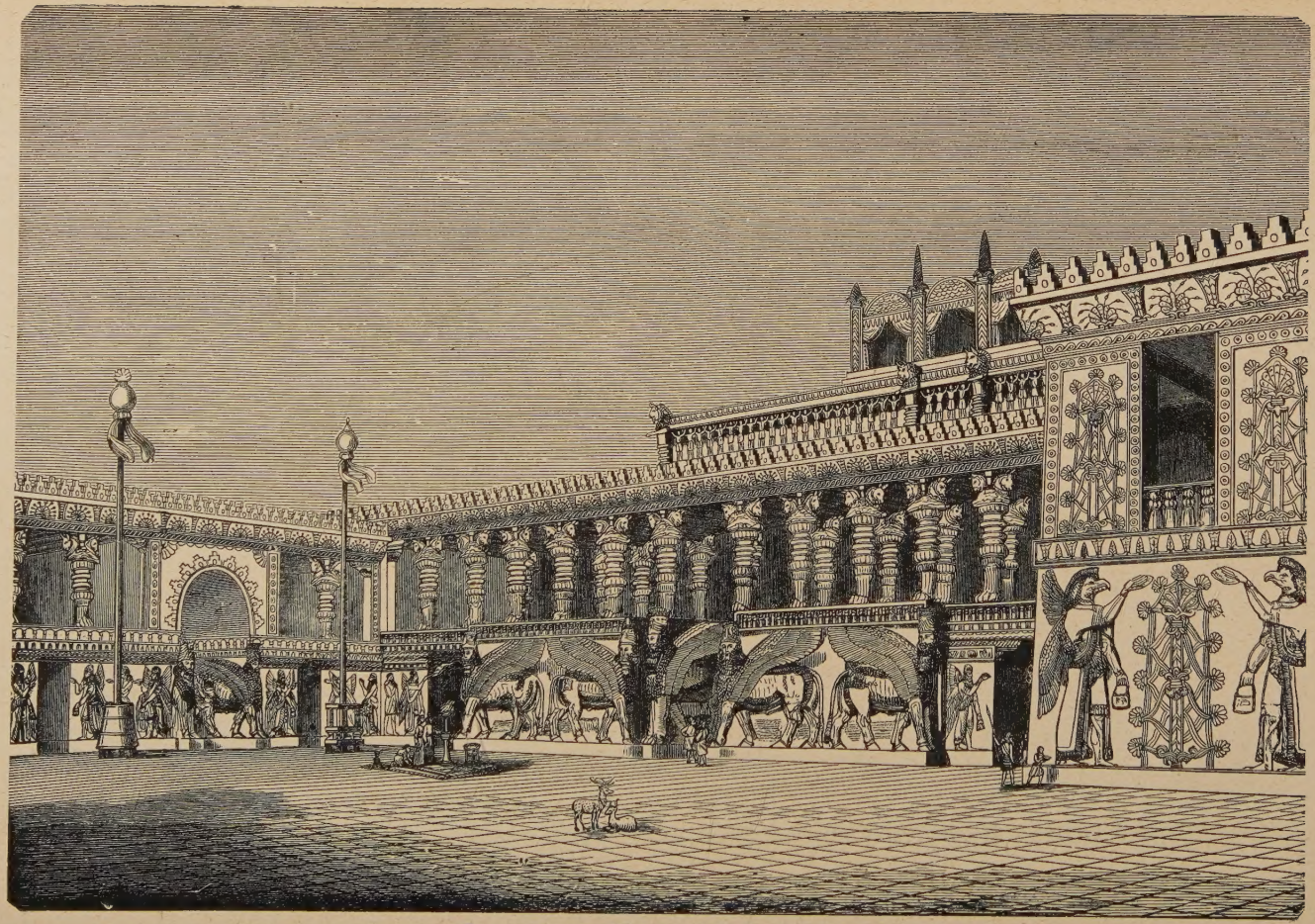
> "'Child, of thy father dead?'
> 'Father is gone!'
> 'Why did they tax his bread?'
> 'God's will be done!
> Mother has sold her bed:
> Better to die than wed!
> Where shall she lay her head?
> Home we have none.'"

Faces that Follow. By Mrs. E. M. MASON. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Illustrated. Price, $1.00.

We had the pleasure of reading in manuscript the chapters of this remarkable book. We were profoundly impressed with the keen insight into character, the happy descriptive touches, the earnest religious spirit of its sketches. A vein of genius and a fine sense of humour run through it. It contains the most tremendous indictments of some of the sins of the age we have ever read, and some of the most touching pathos. It is an addition of distinct value to our Canadian literature. The wife of a Methodist preacher, if she have the "seeing eye," has ample opportunity for studying the many aspects of church life, church work and church social relations. But to very few is it given to portray these with such incisive pen. Our clever Canadian cartoonist, Mr. J. W. Bengough, has caught the very spirit of these sketches in the numerous etchings by which they are accompanied.

Gold for the Klondike; or, God's Message to the Miners. A Daily Portion for Each Day in the Month. By REV. T. MASON. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

We did not know that there was so much about gold and gold getting in the Bible till we read the manuscript of this little book. It is a nugget in itself, just the thing for busy men who are seeking gold in the mine, the field, the forest, or the forge.



PALACE OF SARGON—RESTORED.